

HOME READING

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 137

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No. 822

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE HEALTH
SERVICE?

DR. CHARLES HILL, M.P.

THE NEW SOCIALIST INTERNATIONAL

URSULA BRANSTON

HATFIELD IN THE 'NINETIES

VISCOUNTESS MILNER

IS POETRY DOOMED?

JOHN BAYLEY

FEN, FOREST AND FIELD

E. M. FORSTER

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, ERIC GILLET,
JAMES RAMSDEN, SIR RICHARD WINSTEDT, H. C. A. GAUNT,
JOHN CONNELL, RUBY MILLAR AND ALEC ROBERTSON.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

WE are waiting in painful, but still hopeful, suspense for the outcome of negotiations in Korea and Persia. But even if our prayers are answered, and the outcome is happy in either case, we shall not, alas, be able to give way to jubilation, nor shall we be justified in the slightest relaxation of effort. The Communist threat will remain in all its sinister immensity, and we must guard against those gullible or subversive people who may, on the strength of some local development, proclaim that all our fears were liars, that Stalin and Mao Tse-Tung are opposed to war, and that further rearmament on our side would affront their peaceful intentions.

Molotov Menaces

ONE of many danger-signals was the speech by Molotov in Warsaw on July 21. Speaking in honour of the seventh anniversary of Poland's "rebirth," and accompanied by Ulbricht (the East German leader) and Rokossovsky (the Russian Marshal who is also Poland's Defence Minister), Molotov delivered a tirade against "the Anglo-American imperialists" and more especially against the apostate Tito. He is reported to have said that the present position in Yugoslavia could not be maintained for long, and that the Yugoslav people would find the road to "freedom" and the elimination of the Tito régime.

This may be no more than propaganda, but it may also be a portent of things soon to come; and the Atlantic Pact leaders should not overlook this possibility.

Russian and Satellite Strength

THREE important speeches have recently thrown additional light on Soviet and satellite armed strength. The most important was made at Aston on July 15 by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., Under-Secretary of

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State for War, in a speech which only the *Daily Herald* reported fully. Mr. Wyatt said:—

The Russians have 215 divisions under arms. We have 10. In the Russian armed forces today there are over four million men. In ours there are three-quarters of a million. If the Russians were to mobilise they could immediately produce eight million men under arms.

In Russian-occupied Germany there are 22 fully-equipped Russian divisions. Eighteen of these are armoured divisions. There are another 4 armoured divisions near at hand. Altogether the Russians have more than 5,000 tanks in Eastern Germany.

The satellite countries have got 60 to 70 fully mobilised divisions under arms. That number has got to be added to the Russian total of 215 divisions.

The actual length of service for a national service man in Russia is not two years, as it is here, but four. Many youths are called to the colours at the age of fifteen.

In addition to the 22 Russian divisions in Russian-occupied Germany, there are 60,000 Germans formed into military formations.

Supporting this vast array of armed men is a gigantic arms production keeping pace with the day-to-day requirements in replacements of tanks, of jet aircraft, and of all the other ghastly paraphernalia of modern war. We have very good evidence to show, from the rate at which arms and equipment are issued to the Russian and satellite forces, that Russian arms production is far in excess of anything they may need for legitimate self-defence, and far greater in proportion than ours is. We can only believe that these huge Russian forces are kept in being and maintained with costly equipment so that they can be a threat to the free countries of the world.

Mr. Wyatt quite correctly regarded these facts as answering conclusively the specious call of the Bevan group for a reduction in our arms programme.

Further Evidence

THE second speech was made by Mr. Aidan Crawley, M.P., the Under-Secretary for Air, at the R.A.F. station at North Weald, Essex, on July 16. Mr. Crawley referred to the recent statement in Parliament by the Minister of Defence that Russia had about 19,000 aircraft and that this strength was still growing, and said:—

That means that from their present bases the Russians can throw against this country an effort in numbers, and probably in weight of bombs, considerably greater than the greatest effort the Germans were capable of at any time in the last war. That is the immediate threat which faces this country if, for any reason, war should break out in the West.

It also means that, if the Russians should advance their bases, the weight of their air attack would be *pro tanto* greater still.

The third speech was made at a Labour meeting in London on July 15

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by Mr. Vladimir Dedijer, Secretary of the Foreign Policy Committee of the Yugoslav National Assembly. Mr. Dedijer said that Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria together now have more than 830,000 men under arms, or more than three times as many as the numbers allowed under the peace treaties signed with them. The details given by Mr. Dedijer were as follows:—

Today Hungary has an army 200,000 strong, and 130,000 men above the limit fixed by the peace treaty. The Soviet Union has recently delivered to Hungary large quantities of arms for offensive warfare, especially tanks.

The present-day Rumanian Army is 432,000 men strong. This is 313 per cent. above the peace treaty limit. During the past six months the Rumanians increased their army strength by 60,000 men.

The Bulgarian army is today over 200,000 strong, or 300 per cent. above the peace treaty limit. During the last twelve months there has been a constant flow of war materials from the Soviet Union to Bulgarian Black Sea ports. A new Bulgarian armoured division recently identified along the Yugoslav-Bulgarian frontier has been armed completely with the recently arrived Russian weapons.

A large part of the satellites' armed forces is facing Yugoslavia. Along their frontiers with Yugoslavia a 30-mile deep belt, particularly in Rumania, is being depopulated of all Yugoslav minority groups.

To these totals of Hungarian, Rumanian and Bulgarian armed strength must be added the Polish and Czechoslovak armed forces, which together total at least half a million men, and may amount to nearly three-quarters of a million; strong and well-trained Outer Mongolian forces, including trained tank and air units (it will be remembered that Outer Mongolians played an important part in the Soviet advance against the Japanese during the last days of the Pacific war); and the very large Chinese armies still uncommitted in Korea. All these vast bodies of troops are at Russia's disposal—and much more effectively than were the Axis satellites at the disposal of Hitler Germany.

Ever-growing Estimates

MR. WYATT'S estimate of Russian armed strength is the highest so far officially given. On July 26, 1950, Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Defence, told the House of Commons that the Soviet Union "maintains an army of some 175 active divisions, of which one-third are mechanised and tank divisions comprising about 25,000 tanks. . . . It has 2,800,000 men under arms and could double this number on mobilisation." Speaking at Dundee on March 18, 1951, Mr. Strachey, the Secretary for War, still adhered to these totals of divisions and effectives. The same figures were given in a War Office hand-out of the same date—which, however, added the important qualification that the 175 divisions were "'line' divisions (i.e., excluding artillery divisions, anti-aircraft divisions, and other supporting formations)." A month later Mr. Shinwell, speaking on April 22 at Haswell, County Durham, raised the divisional

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total. "I would like to adjust these figures" (of July, 1950), he said. "I believe that at the present time Russia has at least 200 divisions available and many of those divisions are ready to be deployed in the West if Russia so decided. Moreover, Russia is producing aircraft at a formidable rate." Now Mr. Wyatt has raised the divisional total once again to 215 Soviet divisions alone, and to 275 or 285 divisions including the satellites. Even these totals, however, certainly exclude the Chinese, and presumably exclude the Outer Mongolians—who, incidentally, spring from one of the most formidable fighting stocks known to history.

The Government deserve no censure for revising their figures of Soviet armed strength. On the contrary, it is excellent that they accept the revised intelligence estimates underlying these changes and disclose to the public, however half-heartedly, the formidable man-eating tiger discernible behind the Iron Curtain.

But what is disgraceful is that it should be left to junior Ministers, however able, to inform the public of these terrifying facts. That responsibility should be the Prime Minister's. More than anything else the country needs a lead—the lead that comes from facts which show our danger in the plainest language. It is unthinkable that the country would not respond, as always in the past, to such a lead, with the effort and sacrifice which the present situation demands. And it is the gravest of Mr. Attlee's derelictions of duty that he has not given this lead himself.

King Abdullah

TO anyone honoured with his friendship the death of King Abdullah is a heavy personal bereavement, deepened by a vivid sense of the wise and kindly guidance which his people have lost. He was one of the first and doughtiest champions of Arab freedom, and he laboured devotedly for the welfare and unity of the Arab peoples throughout his life. His natural background was the desert—for his great family sprang from it and he had the spiritual simplicity of all its greater sons. It was enough to sit with him and listen to his talk, limpid as the morning in the pleasance which he loved—an open marquee strewn with rugs on the hill above his unassuming dwelling at Amman—to realise how profound was his desert love and how dear to him remained the ancient ways of the Bedouin. He had humour and clearness of vision combined with deep religious faith, and it is fitting that he met his end within the precincts of one of Islam's holiest shrines.

A Happy Kingdom

HIS loyal friendship to this country has been emphasised in all the tributes paid to him, and he stood by us indeed with splendid staunchness when our fortunes seemed almost beyond repair. Little

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though he cared, this strong attachment to a Western Power was viewed with fanatical disfavour in many parts of the Arab world. So also were his untiring efforts to unite the peoples of the Fertile Crescent under the Hashimite dynasty, and the realism with which he strove for some accommodation with Israel, despite the ruin brought by Jewish nationalism on thousands of Palestinian homes. It was doubtless the sectarian foolheadedness, offended by his statesmanship, which planned his murder—murder which now seems to menace all Middle Eastern leaders of vision and sense. But his kingdom stands, a happy model of unity and ordered progress amid the fierce dissensions by which the Arab race is torn; and all who appreciate the modest greatness of his achievement, both democratic and patriarchal in truly Arab guise, will pray that his people are enabled by wise leadership such as he gave them for thirty years to preserve and enrich their heritage by closer understanding with their neighbour lands.

Enter Turkey and Greece

THE epidemic of political assassination which has raged from Egypt to Iran is a horrible, but by no means isolated, expression of the nationalist ferment which is blinding and bedevilling the greater part of the Asiatic world. It is at the moment predominantly anti-British in the Middle East, and predominantly anti-American from Karachi to Peking. Soviet Russia has inflamed this sentiment with diabolical skill, not unaided by corruption in the many quarters, high as well as low, where money is presently acceptable at any future cost; and despite the fear of Soviet imperialism which is latent everywhere it is in fact against the Western nations that fanatical xenophobia has reached its present heights.

Iran, Arabia and Egypt cannot in consequence be counted for some time to come as reliable factors in any system of Middle Eastern defence. Pakistan and India are equally excluded by the tension rife between them, which is dangerously near breaking point. Turkey is therefore the only factor of security in the Middle Eastern belt, and it is good news indeed that she and Greece are to be added as full members to the Atlantic Pact. Having advocated this extension in the pages of this Review for many months past, we congratulate our own Government on the belated agreement with America which they have reached; and we cannot believe that, when the overwhelming reasons are fully stated, the admission of Greece and Turkey will be further resisted by other members of the Atlantic brotherhood.

Peace With Japan

WE also welcome the announcement that a Peace Treaty with Japan is to be signed by all her war-time enemies at San Francisco in September, the only serious exceptions being Soviet Russia and China.

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Mr. John Foster Dulles has travelled the world for many months on negotiations for this end, and he is to be congratulated on the result. He was armed, it is true, with one overwhelming argument—that the preservation of peace in the Pacific must henceforth depend primarily upon the power of the United States: but he used that argument with tact and moderation, and has shown real statesmanship in attaining the present result.

There have naturally been many deep anxieties to consider and overcome. The first of these is that Japan, like Germany, may not prove a trustworthy partner to the Western Powers when once she is rearmed. This anxiety has caused much searching of heart in Australia and New Zealand: but it has been fairly met by the defensive agreement which the United States has concluded with the two Pacific members of the Commonwealth. There is every reason why the United Kingdom should be content with that agreement, on the understanding that it may, when conditions permit, be extended into a wider pact covering the Pacific and South-Eastern Asia as a whole. However desirable that may be, it is not practical politics at the present time. There are still too many open questions, such as the future of Formosa, to be solved.

Japanese Competition

THE problem of Japanese competition in trade is much more urgent and also more intractable. It will present less difficulty if American policy will admit the resumption of trade between Japan and her nearest market, China. It will present great difficulty if the United States finds it necessary to insist that Japanese dealings in the Chinese market be seriously restricted, if not entirely closed. Mr. Dulles has had experience of special value in this case, because he was concerned with the German Trade problem after World War I. In the present case Japan must either earn the revenue to pay her own way and enable her population to live, or else be supported by the taxpayers of the United States for an indefinite period. As the latter alternative may be counted out, we trust that she will be enabled to re-establish her trading position on the Asiatic mainland, both in China and further South. If Japanese competition embarrasses us seriously further afield, in Africa or elsewhere, we must be prepared to deal with it by tariffs on the preferential basis which the United States is at last beginning to recognise; and it may very well be desirable to review the Congo Basin Treaties, which are now completely out of date.

Overtures to Franco

THE late Admiral Sherman's visit to Madrid as representative of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is, from America's point of view, a logical diplomatic and strategic development. In November last year, in the U.N.

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General Assembly the U.S.A. (and incidentally Canada as well) supported the resolution which successfully removed the ban on diplomatic representation in Spain by members of UNO. Great Britain and France spoke against the resolution and abstained from voting, but subsequently appointed Ambassadors to Madrid. The United States' policy is now dictated by the practical consideration that an Ambassador is there to promote friendship and understanding, especially in the military sphere. And what more natural, since American capital is increasingly at risk in Spain, and since the peninsula forms an important link in the chain of Mediterranean defence?

Exaggerated Strictures

THE reaction to this news from Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay has been unexpectedly, and we believe unjustifiably, violent. The Foreign Office apparently scouts not only the possibility of Spain's inclusion among the Atlantic Treaty powers, but also even the idea of an independent bilateral agreement with the U.S. about bases. Opinion in America is resentful and indeed it is hard to justify the Foreign Office's sweeping strictures. It might well damage the morale of Europe if it appeared that America's intentions were to "defend the Pyrenees." But the mounting scale of her commitments in Europe should effectively prevent anybody from reaching so misleading a conclusion. Unfortunately it is only too clear that the background of the British and French attitude is political and ideological. France fears her Communists, and in Britain the inflexibility of approach which doctrinaire Socialism imposes on the Foreign Office is once again proving an obstacle to strategic aims in Europe.

Once again it becomes apparent how hard it is to work the new style of "open forum" diplomacy, in which every move of a Foreign Secretary seems overhung by the threat of a referendum, which placards the intentions of Governments and gives a clear field to the malcontents. We much regret the attitude of our Government towards this latest *démarche*.

One Way Only

THE *Tribune* pamphlet *One Way Only*, with a foreword signed by Messrs. Bevan, Wilson and Freeman, has provoked almost universal condemnation in the Press and among reasonable people of widely varying views. But in spite of this condemnation—perhaps, indeed, to some extent because of it—"Bevanism" will, we believe, continue to exercise a deep and dangerous influence among pacifists, Utopians and class warmongers; that is to say, among a large section of the Labour Party.

Its influence may not be openly acknowledged by many whose thoughts

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and actions it will significantly affect. Fear of the electorate, hatred of the Conservatives, and the techniques of Party discipline, have enabled a united Socialist front to be preserved in Parliament, and may even enable it to be preserved at the Scarborough Conference in October. But all this is mere façade. The Labour Party is divided on the rearmament issue; and only those who are blinded by prejudice, or by the love of power, can fail to see that a Party so divided, on such an issue, at such a time, has no moral right to control our national destiny.

Economic Materialism

THERE are so many errors and misleading innuendos in *One Way Only* that we could easily devote the whole of our editorial space to refuting them. But we have so much else to consider that we must confine ourselves to the central fallacy.

This may be summed up in the phrase "economic materialism." Mr. Bevan and his friends make the traditional Marxian mistake of overrating the economic factor in human affairs. Of course it is a very important factor, and there may once have been a time when it received insufficient attention from statesmen and historians. But those who still wallow in the wake of Karl Marx (e.g., Bevan and Co.) have gone to the other extreme; they have an economic explanation, and an economic cure, for everything—including war.

A Revealing Passage

THE following passage is revealing: it occurs in the last chapter of the pamphlet:—

The present high priority for armaments weakens us economically by creating a pressure on "bottlenecks" which in turn raises prices. It even weakens us militarily, for we don't want to repeat the 1940 experience of France, whose vast military apparatus fell apart at the first serious test *because it was built on an economy which had been undermined by overblown arms expenditure* (our italics).

What could be more absurd than this? We are asked to believe that the French Army was not defeated in the ordinary military sense, and presumably we are also expected to attribute the success of the German *Panzers* to the fact that the nation which produced and launched them was not "undermined by overblown arms expenditure". This is the logic of Bedlam. The French were beaten, so their economy is automatically condemned; and nothing is said about the German economy—a war economy if ever there was one—because the Germans broke through!

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Flash-back to February

BUT, grotesque as it may seem, this is a typical feature of the "Bevanist" argument. It leads to the view that Russia and her satellites are much weaker and less dangerous than their military preparations suggest, because "the countries of the Atlantic Pact produce six times as much steel as the countries of the Soviet bloc, three times as much coal, eight times as much petroleum, five times as much pig iron."

Mr. Bevan gave a clear premonition of this argument in the Defence debate last February, which he wound up for the Government (!) He said that he felt "encouraged by the knowledge that behind (the Russians') striking power is a very narrow technical foundation." In our March number we drew attention to this remark and made the following comment, which we may perhaps be forgiven for recalling:—

... we must protest against the facile optimism which may have been fostered by Mr. Bevan's remarks about Russian technical weakness ... there is every reason to suppose that Russia is technically backward in many respects. But the essential element in military strength is trained manpower; and if we lack this (as we do), it will be folly to rely upon our "industrial base."

We ventured to describe this industrial superiority complex as a new form of "Maginot-mindedness". *One Way Only* exhibits the same fault on an even more grandiose scale.

Industrial Strength No Answer to Military Strength

NO organ of opinion gives more ample consideration to economic matters than *The Economist*. No one could accuse that paper of ignoring economic facts and forces: it exists for the very purpose of expounding them. Yet in a leading article on July 21, having conceded that the West's latent industrial strength is far superior to that of the Soviet bloc, it goes on to say:—

The force that may keep all the 215 or so Russian divisions inactive is not the latent force that the West could call on after fighting had begun; *it is the mobilised force that can be created now. How great that force needs to be is determined by the size of the Red Army, not the level of Russian national income (our italics).*

This deserves to be regarded as a *locus classicus* in the refutation of "Bevanism." The leading economic journal in the country deliberately states that the Communist threat is primarily not economic, but military; and that it can only be met by "an effective equality in the forces that could quickly be brought to bear at any of the points where Russian aggression is possible."

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Mr. Deakin on Nationalisation

NOT the least controversial aspect of *One Way Only* is its unabashed adherence to doctrinaire Socialism.

To . . . doubting Thomases we say: where the Labour Government has failed, it has been because of concessions to Tory pressure or Tory ways of thought. Where it has achieved its greatest successes, it has been by a tenacious hold on Socialist principles.

Last month we quoted extracts from recent pamphlets by Mr. R. H. S. Crossman and Professor G. D. H. Cole, in which the good old Socialist principle of nationalisation was given short shrift. Since then the powerful voice of Mr. Arthur Deakin has been added to the chorus of "doubting Thomases." Addressing the biennial conference of the Transport and General Workers' Union on July 11, Mr. Deakin said:—

If in October there is an Election and Labour appeals for extended nationalisation, we shall get the biggest whacking we have ever had in our history. Let us not fool ourselves, let us not kid ourselves: I say very definitely that to try and prescribe nationalisation in large doses at the next Election would make certain a disastrous defeat of the Party.

Mr. Deakin is, of course, the General Secretary of the T.G.W.U.—the Union that Bevin built. It is characteristic of the Socialist attitude that he should seek to justify his apostasy on the ground of Party expediency, rather than on that of principle.

Horner: Another Plum

MR. HORNER pulled out another plum at a miners' rally at Morpeth when he renewed the suggestion that the return of a Tory Government would involve a national strike of the miners, as a result of the measures which such a Government proposed to take to deal with the mining situation. The only explanation of such irresponsibility from the Secretary of an important Union is that Mr. Horner, being a Communist, is out to make mischief. The Conservative proposals for the reform of the mining industry, associated with Colonel Lancaster, are inoffensive to the point of colourlessness, and quite unexceptionable from the miners' point of view. Mr. Horner's implication that a Union should intervene directly on political issues, by strike or other action, is serious, and a danger both to democracy and to the health of Trade Unionism; particularly the latter.

Stalin in an Unexpected Tradition

ANOTHER Communist is in the news. The Dean of Canterbury has been to Moscow to receive his Peace Prize from Stalin, whom in his speech of thanks he saw fit to compare with Christ as an emissary of peace. Much about the same time Archbishop Groesz, successor of

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Cardinal Mindszenty, was sent to prison for fifteen years by the Hungarian Communists. Perhaps the insular character of the Englishman's outlook will help him to go on seeing the Dean as an amiable eccentric, of the kind that can be harmlessly ignored in a country where order and freedom are so soundly established. But perhaps not; and some sympathy, if not success, will attend the efforts of a group of Conservatives who are contemplating Parliamentary action to procure his removal.

The Red Light Again

ON July 4 Mr. Gaitskell released the figures of the sterling area's gold and dollar reserve for the second quarter of 1951. This proved to be the most gloomy pronouncement which he has had to make since he became Chancellor. The gold and dollar surplus of the sterling area for this quarter amounted to 50 million dollars, to which must be added 55 million dollars by way of Marshall Aid allotted before the end of 1950. This exiguous surplus has to be compared with a surplus of 360 million dollars for the first quarter of the current year, and of 398 million dollars for the last quarter of 1950. The surplus is indeed the smallest which the sterling area has earned since the beginning of last year.

Mr. Gaitskell gave three reasons for this decline. First, there has been "an increase in expenditure on imports from the dollar area, both by the United Kingdom and by countries in the rest of the sterling area." In other words, the terms of trade have moved against us even more than was anticipated. Secondly, there has been "a decline in earnings from exports from the rest of the sterling area to the dollar area"—a decline in part seasonal, but in part accentuated by a fall in the prices of certain sterling area raw materials. Thirdly, there has been a reduction in receipts of gold and dollars from non-dollar countries, and especially from the European Payments Union. Mr. Gaitskell went on to say that "it is quite likely that these less favourable influences will continue during the next few months." Altogether it seems that the problem of the balance of payments is once again returning to the centre of the economic scene.

The Economic Survey and All That

IT was good to hear from Mr. Gaitskell that the volume of United Kingdom exports to the United States has increased. But the worsening of the terms of trade makes it certain that the total volume of Britain's exports will have to be raised considerably further than the Economic Survey assumed—despite the needs of defence, and the chances of a wobble in some overseas markets. Mr. Gaitskell has, indeed, emphasised in recent weeks the need for industry to achieve considerable increases in physical exports, without which "the situation will begin to look very serious." It cannot, however, be claimed that the situation on the home front is at present conducive to an export drive. It is quite true that the

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present figures for production are reasonably encouraging—an increase of about 5 per cent. over last year—but this gain is nullified by the fact that during the first quarter of the present year consumption rose by almost exactly the same figure. Altogether there is as yet no evidence to disprove the contentions of those who said that the Chancellor's Budget would not prove sufficiently counter-inflationary. There is, moreover, abundant reason for doubting whether any useful purpose is served by printing an Economic Survey whose assumptions and forecasts are disproved within three months of publication.

The Fallacy of "More Controls"

NATURALLY, the section of the Labour Party which dislikes the rearmament programme is losing no time in making capital out of the present position. But there is no evidence at all that rearmament is directly or indirectly a major cause of Britain's present difficulties. Undoubtedly the rearmament programme will have a very severe effect on our economy, but it has not had time to make itself felt as yet—the inefficiency and dilatoriness of the present Government has seen to that. Most Socialists, when confronted with a position like the present one, leap to the conclusion that the only solution is more controls. But it stands to reason that it would be worse than useless to place new and stringent restrictions on the supply of goods for the home market while doing nothing to check the pressure of demand. Such a course could only have the effect of worsening the inflationary trend. Never has there been a time since 1945 when it has been more important for the Government to pursue a wise monetary policy: but there is at present no sign whatever that such a policy will be attempted. Instead, there are persistent rumours (which we believe to be well founded) that Mr. Gaitskell is most concerned with the question of whether or not he should impose a statutory limitation of dividends. In other words, the Chancellor, having decided that some fall in the standard of living of the average Britisher is inevitable, is deciding how best to ensure that the average wage-earner makes a smaller sacrifice than the average shareholder. We believe that Conservatives should say, much more forthrightly than they have done hitherto, that if sacrifices have to be made for the sake of our security there is no reason at all why the shareholder should necessarily bear a heavier burden than anyone else. It is also worth recalling that the biggest shareholders in the country are the insurance companies, and that the holders of annuities are among the most hard-pressed section of the community at the present time.

The Case Against Revaluation

A GREAT many people favour the revaluation of sterling in order to halt the steady worsening of the terms of trade. In our view such a step would be a great mistake. In the first place, there is strong

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reason to doubt whether the prices of a large range of British manufactured goods would be able to bear any substantial measure of revaluation, especially if there should be even the slightest wobble in the dollar markets.

Secondly, there can be no question that many of those who are ready to hold sterling at the current rate of exchange, would not wish to retain it at a higher rate; and there is only too good reason to believe that revaluation might be followed by some capital flight, on a smaller scale than in 1949, but none the less sufficient to cause anxiety. Sir Hubert Henderson (whose recent illness so soon after his elevation to the Wardenship of All Souls we deeply regret) was surely right when he pointed out in the correspondence columns of *The Times* that a free pound would certainly mean a loss of sterling in the fairly short run.

Thirdly, one would have to consider the effect of revaluation on the gold-mining industry: such a course would, indeed, have a very serious effect on the whole of the South African economy.

Finally, we return to a theme on which we have said a good deal in recent years—the need to encourage confidence in sterling. It cannot possibly be good for any currency to be subjected to two major manipulations within a period of less than two years. What is most important at the present time is for the Finance Ministers of the sterling area to get together and see what they can do to assist the area as a whole. When Mr. Shepherd, the Member for Cheadle, raised this point in the House of Commons, the Chancellor's answer was grotesquely evasive:—

We have, in the last few years, had conferences of sterling area Commonwealth Finance Ministers, and though no precise arrangements have yet been made for another conference, I think it is quite likely that in the course of the next few months some such gathering may take place.

Nobody from the Opposition Front Bench rose to press the Chancellor further on this point. There is room for far more dynamic leadership of the Conservative Party on financial matters.

The Broadcasting Debate

ON July 19 the House of Commons debated the B.B.C., on a motion which fortunately did not necessitate a premature vote on the future of broadcasting. Mr. Gordon Walker, who opened the debate, defended the Beveridge Committee's majority verdict in favour of the public monopoly, and also attempted to justify the Government's proposal to claim 15 per cent. of the net revenue from wireless licences for the next three years, and to set up broadcasting councils in the "national regions," whose members would be drawn from the local authorities.

On the two latter points the House was definitely unsympathetic; and there was much uneasiness, too, on the wider issue of monopoly. Mr. W. S. Morrison, speaking for the Opposition, said that it was impossible to regard this issue "as finally closed one way or the other"; and although he favoured the renewal of the B.B.C.'s Charter for a certain period, he

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hoped that the Government would "leave the matter open to consideration in the future" and would "not tie the hands of any Parliament to come." Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, however, felt that it would "be technically very difficult to make a change after another seven years," and urged that the monopoly should at once be broken or modified on the lines suggested in his Minority Report.

We entirely agree with Mr. Lloyd.

Royal Visit to Canada

ON July 4th it was announced in London and Ottawa that Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh would visit Canada in October. This was splendid news. We in the United Kingdom cannot expect the Royal Family to spend a disproportionate amount of their time here, at the expense of their loyal admirers in other parts of the Commonwealth. Canada, like this country, is one of His Majesty's Kingdoms—in fact we have often wished that its official designation were "Kingdom of Canada" rather than "Dominion of Canada"—and it is altogether fitting that the Heir Presumptive and her Consort should go there at an early date.

Next Governor-General?

WILL their forthcoming short visit be the prelude to a longer stay? The *Ottawa Journal* has already suggested that Princess Elizabeth might succeed Lord Alexander of Tunis as Governor-General. "It would be a great honour," says this paper, "to be accepted with pride by all Canadians, to have the future Queen live in the Dominion as the representative of her father, the King."

If the Canadian Government are of this opinion (and we can well believe that they are), and if they should ask Princess Elizabeth to reside, with her family, at Rideau Hall, possibly for a term of 18 months or two years, we very earnestly hope that the invitation would be accepted. In that case we who were left behind could console ourselves with the thought that Canada is now no longer the far-off place it used to be. It takes about as long to travel, in a comfortable aeroplane, from London to Ottawa as to go by train from London to Balmoral!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE HEALTH SERVICE?

By DR. CHARLES HILL, M.P.

THE National Health Service is to cost the Exchequer in the current year £399,183,000, a sum rather more than £6 million in excess of the cost last year. The original estimate of the cost for the first nine months of the Service, beginning July 5, 1948, was slightly less than £160 million. These are net amounts after allowing for a number of set-offs, including some £40 million which is allocated from the weekly social security contributions. It does *not* include the cost of a number of environmental health services which are outside the scope of the National Health Service proper.

A break-down of the expenditure reveals that approximately two-thirds of the money is spent on hospital and specialist services. The general practitioner services cost some £48 million; the drugs and appliances which general practitioners prescribe cost some £43 million; whilst dental, ophthalmic and local authority services account for the remainder.

A question which naturally arises is how it was that the estimating for the National Health Service went so strangely amiss. It was, of course, done at a time when the Government was concerned to demonstrate that the country could afford to launch a comprehensive service in one movement and this desire to offer everybody everything at once may have influenced the mathematics. The value of the £ in terms of goods and services has fallen since the original estimating was done. I suspect that we are only now learning what is the value in pounds, shillings and pence of the voluntary service that was so generously given to the hospitals of this country in the "bad old days."

In the dental field, what the prophets estimated would cost about £11 million a year at the inception of the Service did, in fact, cost £46½ million in 1950-51, just over 60 per cent. of the money going on dentures. The original estimate for drugs was £17 million; the cost for 1950-51 was over £31 million. But the worst under-estimating was in the sight-testing services, for what was at first estimated to cost £3 million in fact cost over £28 million in 1950-51.

Basically the structure of the hospital organisation is sound; at least it marries together the former voluntary and council hospitals into a single hospital service administered over natural hospital areas. The assumption by the State of financial responsibility for hospital provision was inevitable. At the same time, I am not convinced even now that it was really necessary for the State to assume actual ownership of the country's hospitals with all that that implies. But it happened, and I can see no prospect that the State will discard such ownership.

Certain weaknesses have revealed themselves. The Ministry of Health, despite all its promises and maybe genuine intentions of devolving responsibility, has kept too tight a rein on hospital authorities and on Hospital Management Committees in particular. Regional Hospital Boards, originally contemplated as mainly planning authorities, have been far too slow to delegate real authority to Hospital Management Committees. In many cases the areas of Hospital Management Committees have proved to be too large, with the result that the control of individual hospitals has been too

remote from the localities they serve. All too often the authorities have preferred to convert a well-known and much loved local hospital into a minor unit in a large administration.

Inevitably the character of the administrative structure has determined the financial arrangements. Budgeting begins with a Hospital Management Committee, climbs to the Ministry via the Regional Hospital Board and months may elapse before central scrutiny takes place—by which time the money has been spent. In any one year unspent money reverts to the Treasury, with the natural result that many Hospital Management Committees feel impelled to make an unholy effort to spend to the limit of their budget within the year rather than to see their money returned to the Exchequer.

But perhaps the greatest defect on the financial side is the lack of accountability. The expenditure of the voluntary hospital was at least conditioned by its capacity to raise the money. The members of local authorities needed to return from time to time to the electorate. Under the existing system—leaving aside the teaching hospitals—a Hospital Management Committee is responsible to the Regional Hospital Board which appoints it, the Regional Hospital Board is responsible to the Minister who appoints it, with the result that the responsibility is vertical to a Minister perched on the top of the pyramid of administration, instead of horizontal to the community which the hospital serves. The Ministry of Health has tried to remedy the position by arranging for its officers to scrutinise expenditure from the lowest levels. This system has not so far proved successful. What is needed, I am convinced, is, first, to limit the scope of the Regional Hospital Board to over-all planning, greatly increasing the respon-

sibility of Hospital Management Committees and the allocation to each such Committee each year of a sum of money with comparative freedom to spend this money on hospital services in its area.

Over and above this State provision, Hospital Management Committees might well be permitted to invite public contributions, so restoring a voluntary element. To-day Hospital Management Committees are permitted to hold such additional monies: I suggest that they should be allowed and encouraged to invite them.

Although detailed figures are not yet available—two enquiries are proceeding—there has been a good deal of “Empire-building” in administrative staffing. Where there was once a hospital secretary—maybe with an assistant—there are now finance officers, deputy finance officers, accounting officers, deputy accounting officers, supplies officers and so on. Bureaucracy breeds—and the hospitals are no exception.

No substantial hospital economies are possible under the existing régime. Indeed, examined in isolation, a good case could be made out for a substantial increase in capital expenditure. There are few hospitals which could not justify a new wing or nurses’ home, the rebuilding of some department or the replacement of some piece of expensive apparatus. The nation could travel along the road to bankruptcy if it allowed every legitimate expenditure project to proceed, whether in health or other fields, regardless of its capacity to pay.

Even without extravagance the bill for the National Health Service could rise more steeply and be logically defended on the grounds of need. We need, if we are to preserve a proper priority of expenditure on the various social services, to determine in advance

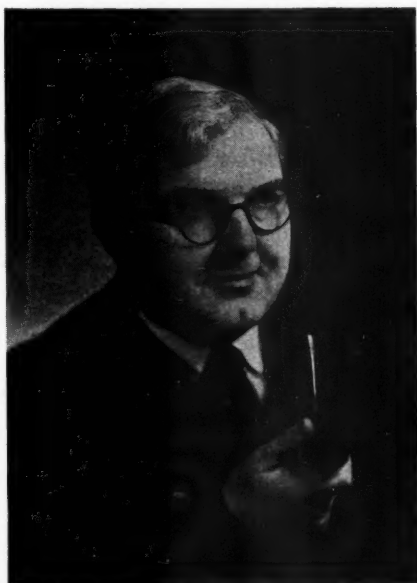
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE HEALTH SERVICE?

what we can afford to expend on the Health Service in general and the hospital services in particular. This sum determined, we should seek to expend it as prudently as possible.

It is fair comment that the community was promised a complete hospital service before, in fact, the men and materials were available. Priority for everyone has a way of becoming priority for no one. As a result some sections of the community are worse off than they were before. A case in point is the provision for the aged sick. In the old days there was at least one officer, the relieving officer, who could command a bed for the destitute: to-day the aged sick take their turn with the rest. And, bearing in mind the natural reluctance to admit to hospital a person likely to remain there for a considerable time, there are far too many old people to-day needing hospital care and not getting it.

The Government has made no secret of its dislike of private beds. The idea that anyone should want to make his own provision or should prefer private accommodation at his own expense, is repugnant to Socialists, except, perhaps, when they or their families are ill. The Act authorised the Minister to maintain private accommodation, making charges designed to cover the cost. But he has done the "designing" and the weekly charge for private accommodation has, in many cases, reached fantastic proportions. One suspects that the Minister has been not unwilling to condone these high charges in the hope that private accommodation will remain unused and so provide justification for its conversion into public accommodation and ultimate abolition.

A host of new problems have arisen, as was to be expected. In many cases hospital staffs have found irksome a number of unnecessary restrictions on their freedom. There has been a



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(Photo: W. Harold Cox, Luton)

proliferation of committees. There has been an unwillingness to engage in regular consultation with medical staffs on questions of a medical character. There has been a good deal of lay interference in medical matters. In short, there have been all the symptoms of a vast administration too hastily assembled and too quickly called upon to grapple with new problems.

The service in which the most discontent exists is the general practitioner service. Their remuneration is still a bone of contention, three years after the beginning of the Service. In many cases they are being called upon to do far too much work in order to obtain a decent income. Here and there there is the feeling that the general practitioner is the agency through which the various benefits are obtained, rather than the medical adviser to the family. Here and there the general practitioner has been excluded from hospital. There is a prevailing sense of lowered prestige, so difficult to

express in precise words. There are many examples of abuse, though it is only a minority of the public who are guilty of wilful abuse.

There are too few dentists to provide a comprehensive dental service for the whole community. The result of offering to every member of the community all the dental care he or she needs—in face of this insufficiency—has been that the 10,000 dentists in the service have worked long and hard and, being paid on an "item of service" basis, have received high average remuneration. So substantial have been the earnings that the school dental service, once the finest in the world, has lost many of its dentists to National Health Service work. Instead of the priority that was promised for the dental care of schoolchildren and expectant mothers, we have seen a steep decline in the amount—and possibly the quality—of dental care which they have received. The plain truth is that the only way of making sure of priority attention to these or to any other section of the community is to deny a complete dental service to the rest of the community. But the school population has no votes.

The Government has imposed one barrier which is the half charge for dentures recently authorised by Parliament. But in this case the approach to the problem was a purely financial one and the whole of the burden falls on the dental plate. It would have been better so to have constructed the financial barriers as to distribute them more evenly and to encourage preventive at the expense of extraction work.

The long-term solution of the dental problem lies in the training of more dentists: the short-term problem of the dental services will remain unsolved until a Government frankly admits that there cannot be a comprehensive

service for everybody and proceeds to redesign it so as to ensure priority for those who need it most.

The drug bill tells its own story. In round figures it was £18 million in 1948-49, £35 million in 1949-50, £32 million in 1950-51 and it is to be £44 million in 1951-52. Every other person in the community has had an appliance such as a truss or an elastic stocking on the State. Still the demand for drugs and appliances rises, with no evidence that the first spree is over. The people of this country, alas, like their medicine and will insist on getting it somehow or other. They are content, of course, to get it from the State, but if the State will not provide it they will get it at their own expense. So it is that one of our problems is to decide which part of the drugs and appliances bill shall continue to fall on the State and which part on the patient.

In 1949 Parliament decided, at the Government's instigation, to charge up to a shilling for a prescription. A few weeks before the Budget the Government decided not to use the power it had asked for, but to make charges only in respect of dentures and spectacles. At least the prescription charge is a rough and ready way of reducing the cost. Another way would have been to permit expensive drugs to be charged up to the State, leaving the others as the patient's responsibility.

In National Health Insurance days a check was kept on doctors prescribing by working out for each doctor the average cost of the prescriptions he gave. Where this figure was in excess of the average prescribing cost of the doctors of his area, the doctor was called upon to give an explanation to a medical committee. This system worked well.

To-day the pricing system has fallen into such arrears that it is no longer

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possible to apply this check. While the chemists themselves have managed to deal with the vastly increased number of prescriptions without falling into arrears, the machinery of the Government for pricing the prescriptions, on the other hand, has fallen greatly into arrears, the delay between receiving the prescription and pricing it being about a year. The chemists are owed between £4 and £5 million by the Government, even after allowing for the money they have received on account; one large firm is owed no less than a million pounds—and no interest is paid on the debt. In a number of areas things are getting worse, not better. It is a sorry story of bad administration.

The general conception of a national medical service for those who cannot

afford medical provision for themselves is sound. In outline the hospital structure represents real advance. Women and children, as well as wage earners, are now covered. There is now no financial barrier between the citizen and the medical service he needs. Such changes represent real progress. It is when we examine the various parts of the Service that we find the flaws. In part they are due to the very bigness of the thing: in part they are due to the decision to launch the whole Service in one stage. What we must now do is constructively to criticise the Scheme as we see it in action and so to amend it as to secure prudent expenditure, efficiency of administration and, above all, the preservation of the essential freedom of both medicine and the individual.

CHARLES HILL.

THE NEW SOCIALIST INTERNATIONAL DEVIATIONS AT FRANKFURT

By URSULA BRANSTON

BEFORE the re-creation of the Socialist International at Frankfurt last month the latter-day prophets went up into the mountain and returned with new tablets of stone. These bore the crisp injunction—"For Revolution read Reform," now translated into the new gospel of the Declaration of the principles of democratic Socialism. On the face of it, the Declaration implies the full assent of European Socialists (still the governing

factor in world Socialism) to British Labour policies. A study of the causes is necessary to assess its effects.

It is significant, for example, that the initiative for a return to a full-scale International came from the Continental parties, notably the Belgians, French and Italians, who have felt most deeply the strains imposed by the "national socialism" of the Labour Party since it advanced to power. Yet, in the first flush of power, it was the

Labour Party which took the initiative in reviving the International idea through COMISCO, giving it sustenance and a home. Solidarity began to sag in 1948: the year when the fatal character of Communist-Socialist coalitions was finally demonstrated by the *coup* in Czechoslovakia, and the year of contrary attitudes among West European Socialists towards Mr. Churchill's leadership at The Hague. Fraternal bonds were loosed still further as Strasbourg set in motion Labour's unconcealed retreat from the federal objectives it had formerly proclaimed.

What, then, is Labour's interest in agreeing to promote the new International? First, it is well-known that the Labour Party does not join in Socialist movements where it cannot lead. Since 1945 it has cast itself in the rôle of patron; it is out of the question that it should be patronised. Therefore the following considerations may be taken to have influenced its decision.

The International, provided with new "principles," could help to remove the Communist taint and to renew the missionary spirit under British Socialist leadership. As evidence of this we have Mr. Morgan Phillips's famous invocation of Methodism rather than Marxism in his COMISCO speech at Copenhagen last year; in effect a disavowal of the doctrinal inspiration which Labour had professed jointly with every Socialist party in the world. (Even Tito, one feels, might applaud such a masterly deviation.) But, more important, there was the possibility that the New International's accent on the "compatibility" of public ownership and private enterprise might impress American Labour and make them less distrustful of a Socialist alignment. For the goodwill of American Labour is very much a Transport

House pre-occupation. As evidence we have the dictum—"Truman's administration depends largely on the support of 16 million trade unionists who, though they use different methods, are fighting like us for social justice and fair shares. The Fair Deal programme is a good deal more to the Left than even Roosevelt's New Deal."

As to the Continental Socialists, their desire for an International was set out plainly enough in the open letter addressed by the Belgian, M. Victor Larock, to Morgan Phillips early this year. There was, first, the psychological factor; the need for a *mystique* to reinforce workers' solidarity as the old International had done. There was prestige; the need to keep pace with the International of Free Trade Unions, and to combat the "confusion and compromise" arising from agreements between Socialist minorities and right-wing majorities in other international organisations. This allusion was amplified in M. Larock's summary of the new International's tasks: "to prepare in common the position to be adopted by Socialist delegates to inter-parliamentary conferences, especially the Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg," and, complementary to this, "to express internationally the economic and social policies of *the countries where Socialism is in power*" (my italics).

Now that must mean, in practice, the enthronement of the minority, a falling-in with Labour's opposition to any non-governmental co-operation or association with any "supra-national" authority that it cannot itself dominate. But it is equally an indication of the falling-out that so easily may occur when British Labour ceases to be Government. The Continental Socialists have made a great concession for the sake of the International; they have made at the same time, a confession of

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great weakness. Class warfare is said to be renounced by the new International; but class distinction has been accepted—the distinction conferred by power however impermanent.

Outstanding in the Declaration, as a complete reversal of Marxist theory, is the statement that "Socialist planning does not presuppose public ownership of all the means of production. It is compatible with the existence of private ownership in important fields . . ."; and, again, "Economic power should be decentralised wherever this is compatible with the aim of planning." Here is the essence of Labour's experience in office and the outline of the "moderate" programme (unless revised by Mr. Bevan) on which it hopes to be returned to office. It has obviously been the concern of Transport House to fit the International Declaration to the pattern of national election propaganda. It is no new concern. As M. Reynaud pointed out at Strasbourg in May, Labour's refusal to go to Paris for participation in the Schumann Plan conference could best be explained, even a year ago, by the "pre-electoral situation."

There is also projected into the Declaration Labour's borrowed doctrine of the survival of the fittest. To that end the member-parties of the International cannot be bound by majority rulings: "Socialism does not demand a rigid uniformity of approach," political attitudes and actions can be co-ordinated only "by consent," and so on. The rôle of the International, like that of the Strasbourg Assembly, is laid down as strictly consultative. As the majority of Socialists at Strasbourg certainly wanted to enlarge the Assembly's powers, they must be presumed

to have desired something more than the consultative function for their own International; if so, they have capitulated to expediency. But there remains the new body of Socialists outside Europe, particularly the Asiatics, who have even less reason to be satisfied. They have not developed the "make-do-and-mend" attitude of their European comrades. The mood of resignation goes ill with revolutionary fervour. Without a positive counter, the attraction of Communist discipline will be very great. The British Labour Party, by safeguarding its own interests, may have sacrificed the "democratic" growth of Socialism where Communism exerts its most urgent appeal.

As an effort to outbid Communism in Asia and Africa the International affords poor comparison with the nationalist movements it equally desires to hold in check. As an effort to outbid Capitalism, the International is also likely to be suspect in some quarters. Dr. Schumacher spoke with some passion at Frankfurt of the "great damage done to the cause of democracy through the attempt to identify liberal capitalism with democracy." The middle ground held by the new International is shifting sand in the eyes of many Socialists—not necessarily Marxists—whose reaction has not yet crystallised.

It was Carlyle who said to his wife when she had toothache: "My dear, it will not be permanent." It was M. Grumbach, a French delegate, who said at Frankfurt: "Nothing is ever final in the field of Socialist thought." The Declaration of the principles of democratic Socialism should certainly be read in that light.

URSULA BRANSTON.

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF KAESONG

By DENYS SMITH

THE cease-fire discussions in Korea, opening up the vista of a final peace settlement in that area, had been preceded in the United States by a spontaneously engendered "cease-fire" in the MacArthur controversy. When the former Far Eastern Commander addressed Congress immediately after his recall he spoke of himself as an old soldier who would simply fade away. The same might be said of the long inquiry into his dismissal which followed. It began with a flourish of trumpets and a dance of the spotlights. The public sat on the edge of their seats. Then interest waned. The cast were monotonously repeating the same lines over and over again. The inquiry did not so much end as peter out amid yawns. Then came Malik's cease-fire suggestion. On the narrow issue of how to conduct the Korean war events appeared to have out-moded the inquiry and vindicated the President. The Korean stalemate did not have to be broken, as MacArthur maintained, by carrying the war to the Chinese mainland till the Chinese agreed to withdraw. The limited war of attrition brought the Communist leaders to Kaesong.

Nobody, even on the Republican side, wanted to shoot the sitting dove; but on the other hand no hats were thrown triumphantly into the air at the

thought of peace. Mr. Acheson's assertion that an end of the fighting based on a division near the 38th parallel would be "a successful conclusion" of the war met a chilly reception. It might be a way out of a military stalemate, but it left a job half done. Not to lose a war was not the same as to win a war. So Kaesong and its consequences may have robbed the Republicans of an issue without providing any particular party advantage to the Democrats. Even if there is any credit to be gained, the Republicans can claim a share. They can argue that an end to the Korean fighting would not have been possible except for the MacArthur inquiry. It put more backbone into Administration policy so that the Communists realised that there could be no appeasement, and it further carried to them the clear warning that if the fighting did not end, then political necessity would force the Administration to bring about an allied victory by more determined military means. Another argument some Republicans are using is that General MacArthur had offered to meet the Communist commanders for similar cease-fire discussions as a preliminary to a peace settlement last March, but his initiative was repudiated by a jealous Administration. If he had been backed up, many weeks of unneces-

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sary casualties might have been prevented.

But whatever the result of the discussions now under way on Korea, the MacArthur controversy has left a permanent influence on American and indeed international policy which must affect the Korean settlement itself. Before it lost the attention of the public, the MacArthur inquiry had provided a comprehensive study course on American Far Eastern policy. There will be more interest in what happens in the Far East as a result of the two million words of testimony than there was before. The relative balance of public attention given to the Far East and Western Europe has been changed. The Administration met the shifting public interest by hardening its attitude on Formosa and on Communist China's admission to the United Nations, protesting the while that it was wrong to think its policy had ever been anything else. It might also be claimed that the concurrence of the British and other Western Governments in a Japanese peace treaty, drafted without any reference to the Chinese Communists and making no mention of the future disposition of Formosa, would not have been forthcoming had there been no MacArthur controversy.

A sign of the times was Mr. Dewey's Far Eastern trip. He had earlier thought of another visit to Europe, but in effect was advised by Mr. John Foster Dulles:—"You have been talking a great deal about Far Eastern policy and will undoubtedly have to talk more, yet you have never been to the Far East. Your words will carry more weight if based on first-hand knowledge." The New York Governor, as well as being the most prominent advocate of General Eisenhower as Republican candidate next year, is also a supporter of a modified MacArthur policy in the Far East. He straddles both Republi-

can international camps. The MacArthur programme, despite its Far Eastern bias, is far closer to the Administration's present position than it is to that of the Taft-Wherry-Martin wing of the Republican Party, as is also the foreign policy advocated by the Dewey-Stassen-Duff-Warren Republican wing. Such influence as General MacArthur exerts is likely to detract from Senator Taft's strength and, assuming that his rejection of any political ambition is sincere—which seems most probable—should increase the strength of the internationalists. The Republican internationalists, who do not want Taft, look to General Eisenhower as the only candidate who could muster enough strength at the Party convention to block Taft's nomination. There is one respect in which General MacArthur might create difficulties for this wing. It would be hard to nominate one General if another had just played a great renunciation scene and declared that no military man should seek the highest civilian office in the land.

His Republican supporters believe that Eisenhower would accept the nomination. They have heard that he opposes the Administration domestic policy while in general supporting its foreign policy. But they are not completely certain. There are also many Democrats who insist that General Eisenhower could equally well be their candidate. A large section of the Democratic party do not support the Administration's domestic policy either.

While Republicans are only uncertain about Eisenhower, the Democrats are uncertain about both Eisenhower and Truman. A few months ago the question could have been simply put:—"If the Taft wing dominates the Republican party, would Eisenhower accept a Democratic nomination?" Now another question must also be

asked:—"Will Truman run again?" The President believes that he has been vindicated both by the MacArthur inquiry and by events in Korea. Yet this does not appear to have increased either his control over the Democratic party in Congress or his popular appeal. It is a situation which encourages a man of the President's temperament to seek justification at the polls. If his present mood continues it would cause little surprise were he to run again.

One interesting aspect of the MacArthur controversy which it is difficult to measure in precise terms is its effect on General Eisenhower's Atlantic Treaty position. MacArthur's critics complained that he was a political general, challenging the democratic principle that the military must be subordinate to civilian authority. Early this year General Eisenhower appeared before a secret session of the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees to explain his conception of his task. His testimony has recently been published. He said then, "There is no escaping the bald fact that when you take an area such as is involved in all Western Europe and talk about its defence you are right in the midst of political questions, financial questions, economic, industrial, as well as strictly military, and you could not possibly divorce your commander from contact with them." In other words Eisen-

hower recognised, and no Senator disputed his conclusion, that the job of Supreme Commander in Western Europe required him to be in some degree a political general. The Atlantic Treaty is a freakish organisation in one respect. There is a unified military command and no unified political authority to direct it. There is nothing comparable to-day to the Roosevelt-Churchill team which provided the civilian direction when General Eisenhower was Supreme Commander in the war. The Atlantic Council can only recommend, and its recommendations must be unanimous. Eisenhower, according to one who should know, has found the present situation "like being in a boat in the Atlantic ocean without any oars and without any helm." It is a situation in which he cannot win. He is damned as a MacArthur if he does act in the political field, and damned as a failure if he does not act where no other authority has the power to act. It is little wonder that early in July he should have advocated greater political unity in Europe. "It would be difficult indeed to overstate the benefits if the free nations of Europe were truly a unit." If the results of that plea lead to more frequent meetings of the Atlantic Council and more speed in its decisions, then it might be said that the MacArthur controversy was indirectly responsible.

DENYS SMITH.

HATFIELD IN THE 'NINETIES

By VISCOUNTESS MILNER

(An extract from "*My Picture Gallery: 1886-1901*," by Lady Milner, soon to be published by Messrs. Murray.)

AFTER we were married* we lived for some time at Hatfield and in Arlington Street. And life there was very interesting. The Conservatives were in opposition in 1894 but in 1895 they came to power and I saw, for the first time, something of the inside of Government machinery. I had always been with people who were interested in great questions, but the details of the management of the Cabinet and the House of Commons were novel. I knew many of the people who stayed at Hatfield and among the most important members of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet was Mr. Chamberlain, whom I had always known. He had led the Liberal Unionists in their rejection of Home Rule for Ireland and when he was offered his choice of posts in the new Government he had chosen the Colonial Office—up to then an unconsidered office, but one which he made of first-rate importance by his understanding of Imperial questions.

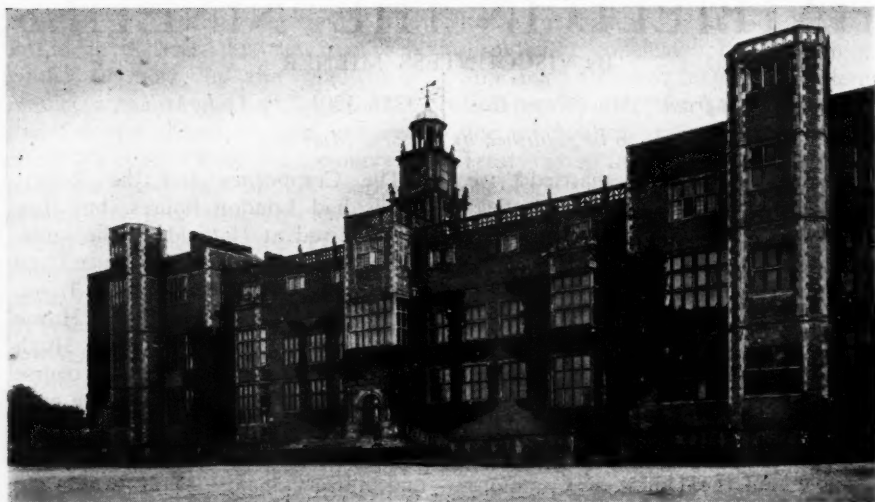
But of course, interesting as political questions and people were and deeply imbued as we all were with their importance, what concerned us all in our daily lives was the harmony of our family relationships. For the Cecils lived at Hatfield as a family, going away for necessary work, or occasionally for social duty, but always returning home, and marriage making very little difference to their way of life.

* Lady Milner, then Miss Violet Maxse, married Lord Edward Cecil, the fourth son of Lord Salisbury the Prime Minister, on June 18, 1894. The occasion was remarkable in many ways; and not least for the fact that it was the first time that Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith had ever seen Lord Salisbury to speak to."

The Cranbornes and the Robert Cecils had London houses, but they largely lived at Hatfield all the same. Lord William and Lady Florence Cecil were in the Rectory in Hatfield Town, but they were more at Hatfield House than in their own, and Lord Hugh Cecil lived there altogether. Of course the house was a big one and we each had our own valets and maids and those with children had their own nurses and nursery maids. Still it was no small triumph on Lord and Lady Salisbury's part to be able to keep all their sons and daughters-in-law at home and happy and to have their married daughter, Lady Selborne, as much at home as she was in her own place.

Lady Salisbury devoted herself to this and she was so keen to have us all round her and so disappointed when we went anywhere else that nearly everyone gave way to her. She was a very able and very masterful woman, but she was also a very kind and a very amusing one, with an enthusiasm for entertaining that had overcome Lord Salisbury's great shyness and aversion to seeing people. Hatfield was, under her rule, boundlessly hospitable. Lady Salisbury liked a crowd for its own sake and her sons used to chaff her and tell her that supers would have done as well for her as the flower of London Society, and that was perhaps true.

But the most remarkable thing about her was that she had managed and made happy one of the shyest and most sensitive men in the world and that she had always been able to be his intellectual companion. For he had great mental and moral stature. Used



HATFIELD HOUSE.

(Copyright Country Life.)

as I was to first-rate minds, accustomed as I was to greatness, I felt his at once, and in the years I spent at Hatfield and the hundreds of times I sat next to him at dinner I always felt it was an honour to be in his company. His wit was exquisite and unfailing, and his courtesy too. He always treated young people with the greatest politeness, listened to their remarks with almost embarrassingly close attention and never failed to make them think what they thought with greater clearness than before.

I have—so far—said nothing about Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the unmarried daughter. She was the lynch-pin of our existence and at once an angel of unselfishness and a tornado of vehemence on innumerable subjects. Brilliantly intellectual, a sound mathematician, she had given up her life to her parents and to her brothers and sister and their children, and she was adored by us all. When her mother died—in 1899—she became everything to her father and all the world to the rest of us.

The family, even if they were dragged

away by their professions or duties during the week, were always at home at the week-ends and we habitually sat down thirteen or fourteen to dinner. There would be present, besides Lord and Lady Salisbury, the Selbornes, the four married Cecil couples, and Lord Hugh and Lady Gwendolen. The sons and Lady Gwendolen were always late—Lady Salisbury herself was unpunctual—but we waited, of course, for her and went in to dinner directly she appeared, and the gaps filled during dinner. Lord Salisbury was, himself, punctual. He declared that he had read the whole of the Fathers of the Church while waiting for his wife.

Dinner was always served in the great Marble Hall and was, in those days, a lengthy affair—six courses at least, and generally seven, besides dessert. There was a lavish splendour in the service, the numbers of men-servants, the quantity of food and the abundance of wine and the dessert, with home-grown grapes all the year round and every fruit in season massed in great dishes. But the Cecils thought very little about what they ate or drank

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and nothing at all about how it was presented to them. The crockery and linen were of the plainest and the men's liveries seldom smart. I must make an exception for Lord Salisbury. He had a very fine palate for wine and I believe that he noticed everything, even though he said little about what went on.

He had a policy about household affairs and if there was extravagance he was aware of it and allowed it. I once ventured to point out that, although no one ever took a glass, the decanter of Madeira placed before him at the end of dinner was renewed twice every week, the contents being artistically lowered each day. "I know," he said, "but you can't prevent these things. If you keep too tight a rein on the household your guests suffer. I have a limit; beyond that I don't allow the expenditure to rise."

He kept a very noticing eye on the accounts and startled us often by his unexpected attitude to them. "Black-ing," he said one day, "what is one to do with blacking? Where does it go, under what heading? Is it 'cleaning' or 'repairs and renewals'?"

Nobody knew, and I am afraid I had a guilty sense that I never thought about it at all and never put it anywhere. I feel sure that if I had suddenly asked him how much beeswax was used every year at Hatfield—which is panelled with oak and other unpainted wood from attic to basement—that he would have known. It must have been tons, though the oak panelling was also rubbed down every autumn with beer. There was at that time a tipsy old housekeeper and I rather wondered. . . .

The talk at dinner was always interesting and—after the servants had left the room—very often about the private side of public affairs. Mr. Balfour was nearly always at Hatfield for week-ends. I often wished to keep



VISCOUNTESS MILNER, 1888.

(By Noëmi Guillaume.)

notes of the talk, but I was told that Lord Salisbury would dislike the idea that any member of his family was writing down what they heard and I only very occasionally indulged myself in this way. But I can remember odds and ends of what was said well enough.

I was struck by the great difference of the sort of talk at Hatfield to what I was accustomed to at home and with my own friends. It was much more about the immediate practical side of politics than about ultimate aims, and much more dialectical. The Cecils talked more for amusement than for the expression of opinion or for the probing of thought. They were all brilliant at scoring off their opponents and their jokes were first-class, but they did not want to find out what they thought nor very much what other people thought; they were not getting down to the roots of things or trying to. They knew what they thought on fundamentals. Their ex-

cellent brains were full of interest in scientific facts, historical research, political experiments, but they were certain that they had the key to all essentials and that this lay in the Anglican Church. This attitude of certainty always brought them up with a round turn in all philosophical discussions, because if you *know*, you cannot speculate about knowledge and if you have certainty you cannot feign interest in mere possibilities. This extreme Anglicanism had been introduced into the family by Lady Salisbury, whose father was a Puseyite. Lord Salisbury, although he was a Churchman and an observer of all religious duties, never gave the impression of being intellectually mastered by the creed he followed and undoubtedly believed in. And he occasionally startled his sons by his attitude. They had learned their religion from their mother and they held to it with all the strength of the vehement natures they inherited from her.

I never quite understood how it happened that Lord Salisbury came to be so conventional on this one subject. He was both sceptical and unconventional on every other. But the great principle that he held by—and he certainly did not get that from any religion—was his respect for the liberty of the individual.

The first Christmas I spent at Hatfield—in 1894—was in the winter of a long and hard frost. The first sign of Christmas at Hatfield was that the gardeners came in and wreathed the whole house in holly and evergreen. Then on Christmas Eve there was a tremendous giving of things to cottagers, employees, servants. Bread and beer were always dispensed by some member of the family to certain cottagers who had an ancient right to these gifts. A Christmas tree in the armoury was the occasion of present-

giving to servants, certain outdoor workers and children.

This Hatfield Christmas tree had been started by Lady Salisbury and the ritual connected with it was charming. The tree stood at the east end of the armoury at the top of the steps, no other lights were lit so that the candle-light reflected from the armour and the old tapestry. Directly after Lord and Lady Salisbury had taken up their positions near it, a knock came at the South front door—which opens into the armoury—it was opened and choir-boys carrying a lantern came in and grouped themselves round it. There they sang carols, simple ones: "The First Noel," "Hark the Herald Angels." It was an unforgettable scene. In the meantime the children sat on the steps or clustered round their grandmother's knees. After this there was an orgy of present-giving and the children began blowing on the trumpets and beating the drums given them by their imprudent elders. The infants in arms were held by their nurses who stood with us. The toddlers were controlled—more or less—by their mothers. It was a fine family piece.

At my first Christmas the toddler in chief was the present Lord Salisbury, then two-and-a-half years old and his grandmother's idol. She called him "Robbety, Bobbety Duke"—part of the name has stuck.

But at the Christmas tree she did not, once the carols stopped, have much time for any of us or even for her grandchildren. The presents for the servants and certain others had all been put on a trestle table at the foot of the steps leading to the tree and she gave them personally, with a word to each recipient and an enquiry after relatives or any sick people.

The people at Hatfield had a great admiration mixed with awe for Lady

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Salisbury. Her robust and forthright style suited them and she gave them the sort of advice and help they understood. There was a family legend about the way she assisted the cottagers in illness. She would collect—said the legend—all the medicine bottles of her large family—all that were not actually marked "Poison"—would put the contents into bottles with an equal quantity of Lord Salisbury's best port wine, and would distribute these to the old women in the parish, who always declared that "her Ladyship's medicine did them more good than the Doctor's." I've no doubt it did. Lord Salisbury had very good vintage port.

But to return to Christmas. The tree was on Christmas Eve. Christmas Day saw a good deal of church-going and it involved early lunch for the family, for on that day the nurses went down to the housekeeper's room and the nursery maids to the servants' hall for their dinner, and the mothers—and anyone who would help them—looked after the children until the time when they were retrieved by their natural guardians. After tea there was a service in the Chapel, as there was every Sunday evening, and after Chapel, a great dish of blazing brandy with raisins in it was placed at the west end of the armoury and we all sat down on the armoury floor and played at "snap-dragon." And then, final event, all the curates, four of them, came to dinner—one, so to speak, to each daughter-in-law.

But we did not only have curates to dinner. There was always a large house-party at Christmas, comprised chiefly of Lady Salisbury's relations, Sir Henry and Lady Alderson, Mrs. Alderson and her son, and others whose names I have forgotten.

Lord Salisbury would sometimes voice the natural depression he felt

before these family gatherings. "What is your duty to your neighbour?" he would gloomily ask. "Is it to put him next to another of your neighbours whom he does not want to see?" and contemplating his guests—and not many of them had good looks—he said to me once: "I don't think any woman has any idea of how insulted a man feels by the sight of an ugly woman."

I was rather startled when he said this to me because it was always assumed that he did not notice such things as looks. But I believe he noticed everything.

In 1895 the Liberals went out of office, the Conservatives came back to power and Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister again. Then I was initiated to the back-stage scenes of Cabinet-making, and very amusing they are if you don't care too much what happens.

We were at Hatfield a little before Christmas, that year, 1895, and there we found the close, fervent family life going on as always. Affairs in the Transvaal were looming and on January 2 there were rumours of war following on the Jameson Raid which had just occurred. We were with the Brownlows at Belton for a few days when the news came, and pined to be back at Hatfield so as to really hear what was going on.

We returned there for a great house-party and festivities. There was a ball at Panshanger and a ball at Hatfield House a couple of days later. Our house-party included Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Victoria and Prince Albert and the lady-in-waiting; Lady Derby and Lady Isobel Stanley. The new Lord and Lady Pembroke and their daughter, Lord Londonderry and Lady Helen Stewart, the Brazilian Minister, Lord Balcarras, Captain Cecil Feildin, Mr. Ian Malcolm, Mr. Hamil-

ton, Mr. George Talbot, Mr. George Peel, four Aldersons, Mr. "Pom" McDonnell and Mr. Sidney Greville (Lord Salisbury's two private secretaries)—that made a pretty good household, for every woman brought a maid and most men a valet. These personal servants were a necessity in great houses fifty years ago. They were not organised to give individual attention to guests in their rooms and every guest's bedroom had a bell ringing into the room that was appointed for his or her servant.

Lord Salisbury was standing up very well to the strain of his double office (he was Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister) and to the crisis, but I have no doubt that the coincidence of this vast house-party with critical affairs must have been an added infliction, for he could not always keep the guests and the business apart, as the following shows. At dinner on Tuesday night, January 7—that was the night after the Panshanger Ball and the night before the Hatfield Ball—an official red box was brought to him at table. Lord Salisbury asked Princess Christian's permission to open the box and to deal with its contents, permission that was of course given. He opened it, read a short note that was in it, scribbled something on a bit of paper, closed the box and handed it back to the servant who had brought it. We were all agog with curiosity as to what was happening, and Princess Christian asked him what was the message he had received. He told her that the German Emperor had landed 150 men at Delagoa Bay, and she asked what answer he had given. He said: "I haven't answered, I've sent ships." This was the famous

Flying Squadron sent to Delagoa Bay. The interest of this occasion lay in the fact that Lord Salisbury did not hesitate for a second in his action. I was sitting opposite to him at a table of ten (there were three other tables of the same size in the room) and I saw and heard everything that passed.

Little else was spoken of that evening and Princess Christian abounded in abuse of her nephew, the Emperor. "He is more conceited than any peacock that ever was hatched," she said. The Queen, she said, was so upset by his conduct as to be quite ill with it. She had always been very fond of him, and he had—hitherto—behaved very deferentially to her. She had written him personal letters of reproach which could not be shown to any secretary. Princess Beatrice had written them for her and had sealed them.

The encouragement given by the German Emperor to the Transvaal Republic on this occasion inflamed public opinion in England and stories about him were rife. One which we heard that evening was that he had just put his brother-in-law with his family and servants under arrest for a fortnight because his sister went skating without a gentleman-in-waiting! The ridiculous part of the whole story lay in the fact that the brother-in-law, Prince Leopold, commanded the Guards and that he was guarded by fourteen of his own men!

After this ball party had dispersed early in January I have very little recollection of what happened to us. We went on living at Hatfield and in Arlington Street that spring. I have few letters or notes about any matters of interest at that time.

VIOLET MILNER.

IS POETRY DOOMED?

By JOHN BAYLEY

WE have become accustomed to gloomy reports about our natural resources. Everything seems expendable. Some pessimists even forecast that our invisible assets can be worked out like our tangible ones, and that our racial energy and integrity may be going the same way as our iron and coal. They doubt, too, if we shall continue to write and to listen to poetry. Such doubts are usually based not on the nature of language and poetry themselves, but on the sort of poet who writes to-day, and the audience he writes for: in fact on grounds that are social and economic, rather than literary and semantic. Culture—in the broad Eliotian sense of a nation's habits, enjoyments, and general pattern of living—is so continuously and variously affected by changing economic and industrial conditions that we cannot hope to isolate in a short space even the most disturbing factors in the process. Of poetry as a part of culture, therefore, and exposed to the same general influences, we can say little. We must confine ourselves instead to conditions affecting poetry alone—poetry as an entertainment, a device of language, and a possible human need.

A definition first. By the future of poetry do we mean poetry as good as that of Milton or Keats, or do we just mean verse of some kind? There is no need to decide, but we must bear both interpretations in mind. Our own age is rich in poetry; we cannot tell how

good it is, but some of it may turn out to be very good indeed. And it is being read, as well as written. T. S. Eliot has a larger and more earnest audience than Tennyson, but it is a different kind of audience. *The Waste Land* is not kept in the parlour, as *The Idylls of the King* once were, to be read aloud of an evening to the assembled family. Tennyson's popularity was based on the household and on patriarchal usage, like bible-reading: Eliot's is based on the large numbers of young people who discover poetry in the higher grades of school. He is read arduously and in solitude, and the mere reading of poetry is regarded to-day as much more of an accomplishment than it was a hundred years ago. It is no longer taken for granted. Highbrows to-day are drawn from every class and walk of life, but they are united by pride in the qualifications of their title. The poet's audience has shifted from the family and the social gathering to the clique and the class-room. But there is no threat to poetry in this: poet and audience still exist. When we say that poets are out of touch with their public, or that the public no longer reads poetry, we are only expressing a preference for a type of poet and a type of public that we do not at present have.

A possible change in critical standards matters far more than a change of audience. Plenty of poetry of some kind is no doubt being written in Russia. All the elephantine encourage-

ment, or discouragement of the modern state can do little to alter the poetic impulse, though it may adjust the flow as it pleases, and make it copious or exiguous, classic or romantic, at will. Verse written in conformity with the party line, apostrophising dynamos or singing the praises of Stakhanovites, may not be any worse than verse that reacts violently against our modern industrial system, and the patterns of life it has imposed on us. Where poetry is concerned there is no reason why protest should be any more a sign of vitality than acceptance. But the more difficult and unstable conditions in a society are, the less likely it is to produce good poetry, either because people have ceased to care about poetry, or, which is equally dangerous, because they care too much. A craving for verse upsets sane critical standards just as much as neglect of it, for a famished man is not particular what he eats as long as it is food. It is ironic that a need for poetry may give us bad poetry, especially as what we need may not be the poem itself, but something in the poem. When in the army I remember reading with extraordinary relief and delight a very feeble little poem that I came across in a magazine. It was an evocation, I think, of the Cretan Labyrinth, and the world of its subject matter (not of itself as a poem), offered me vistas of chitons and crocuses, of lemon-trees and stone passages and strange quests—all very banal and yet, at that moment, intensely pleasurable. It was for me a signal example of that abrupt "felt change of consciousness," the bringing about of which Owen Barfield calls one of the highest functions of poetry. But the poem itself was deplorable. I am certain, moreover, so conditioned by the barrack-room was my mentality at the time, that a *real* poem with a similar subject, like Gérard de Nerval's *Delfica*,

La connais-tu, Dafné, cette ancienne
romance,

Au pied du sycomore, ou sous les
lauriers blancs? . . .

would have left me quite unsatisfied. My imagination desired only to fasten grossly upon something exotic and remote from daily life.

The circumstances for me were fortunately temporary, but the experience does perhaps show how insecure is our possession of judgment, and how dependent upon externals. It is arguable, of course, that the poem must have been good because it gave me pleasure, but this seems to me a dangerous argument, particularly for to-day. The poem was *cultural*, in the Eliotian sense, just as a peepshow that diverted and set the mind to work would be cultural, but it was not good poetry. In this context the success of Christopher Fry's dramatic verse is not reassuring. It may be cultural, because it is genuinely pleasing to a large audience, but it does not do what dramatic poetry should. Fry uses verse for the sake of verse, not for the sake of dramatic effect, and his audience is content to luxuriate in the rich and unfamiliar medium. It is an opaque medium, not a transparent prism through which dramatic effects and characters show sharp and clearly focussed. It lulls and blurs. To me, only the subject of the poem was of interest: to Fry's audience the sound and splendour is the attraction. In both cases what should be the essentials are ignored. And both cases show the aberrations that occur when for some reason we are driven too forcibly into the arms of poetry.

In a healthy state poetry should be more than a relaxation and a source of raw material for our day-dreams. It should be, in Bernard Shaw's words, "as familiar on one's tongue as the taste of water," and not a pick-me-up to be indulged on return from office or

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factory. This difference between what we may call "everyday poetry" and "ultra-romantic poetry," and our sinister partiality for the latter, can best be shown by another look at poetic drama. When Othello says *Keep up your bright swords for the dew will rust them*, neither audience nor players should think how poetical he is being: they should be engrossed with the fact of the man and the story. There is a difference between the deliberately poetic phrase and the phrase which achieves poetry as it were by accident, or by sheer strength of meaning. Both have their place: but we seem in danger of losing the second kind. Ideally, moreover, the two kinds should not be mutually exclusive; we have ourselves created the distinction between them by becoming aware of it, and the phrase of Shakespeare, at once intensely poetic and intensely practical, contains a secret which we may never recover. In T. S. Eliot's play *The Family Reunion* the hero declaims a single line at the climax of a scene: *I shall follow the bright angels!* The effect of the adjective *bright* here is to turn a simple line into a poetical line, and the author does not succeed in making us forget the distinction that has grown up between the two types of poetry. With his skill and insight Eliot is perfectly aware of this difficulty, but he cannot overcome it. It remains insuperable, and a part of poetry remains lost. In *The Cocktail Party* he has sacrificed all to the drama of plain speech, and though there are great and unobtrusive triumphs in the play its general level is flat and empty.

I am not blaming Fry and Eliot for not being Shakespeare. Their position seems to me an impossible one. But while Fry has been content to give a modern audience what it wants, Eliot, with greater insight, has realised what poetry wants. Whether he can restore it is another matter. I think he has

been unable to do so in dramatic poetry, and if dramatic poetry has left us, may not the whole of poetry in time follow suit? I am speaking now of poetry in the more heroic sense of our preliminary definition—not as the survival of custom of rhymed composition, but as the finest achievements of language. The husk, the habit, may linger as the poetic play has lingered—(and a hundred years ago in *The London Magazine* Darley was already saying much the same of Beddoes as I have said of Fry)—, but the informing genius will have flown. It is easy to say that what poetry needs above all is a return to extreme simplicity of language; but it seems likely that language, and our attitude to language, are no longer in a condition to make such a return possible. We take it for granted that the achievements of Shakespeare and Wordsworth cannot be repeated, indeed this is often used as an argument against the survival of poetry; but we realise less often that the conditions of language which made their achievement possible have also gone.

To the writers of Spenser's time it was a commonplace that language was in flux, and that words were continually decaying, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Only the classics were safe. Latin and Greek were as hard and indestructible as stone statuary, the repositories of all that was immortal in literature. In the 17th century a more sanguine age of authors succeeded, but at regular intervals since the spectre of insecurity has returned to haunt those who deal in words. Why then should our predicament be worse than that of former times? For a good reason I think. Earlier poets never felt that the language they wrote in was poor and artificial, and unsuitable at the time while they were writing: their one fear was that it would be incomprehensible to posterity. As Pope wrote:

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Our sons their fathers' failing
language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall
Dryden be.

But many poets, to-day, feel defeatist about language while they are actually handling it. Unlike Humpty-Dumpty, they cannot convince their audience that the words mean what they say they mean, and they know they cannot. In ordinary usage we treat words like tyrants, either forcing them into the corner of a single, narrow interpretation, or consigning them into meaninglessness with a shrug of the shoulders. Let us take some examples. How slight and ignoble to-day are the contexts in which we normally use words like *careless*, *sensual*, *kind*. And how could new vitality be injected into *exciting*, *romantic*, *nice*? Former poets have used these words. *Careless* has a particularly interesting record. It is first found in an Anglo-Saxon poem, where the wolf is called *carleas deor*—"the unfeeling creature." It next appears in a translation of Ovid, whence it is borrowed by Spenser.

. . . But careless Quiet lies
Wrapped in eternal silence far from
enemies.

. . . There did he live like careless
bird in cage.

Emily Brontë uses it:

The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too. . . .

Sensual appears thus, in Keats:

Not to the sensual ear, but more
endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no
tone. . . .

Kind, now exclusive to human amiability, once referred as well to all that was proper to the dignity and nature of Man. *My Lady has forgotten to be kind* does not mean that she has been a little thoughtless, but that she has abandoned

her rôle as a human being. The word had a force and richness which we can hardly guess to-day.

That is the point all these examples make, not that words have changed their meanings merely, but that they have lost meaning, have shrunk, and become impoverished. Many of the strained effects in modern poetry arise from the attempt to resist this process, just as other weaknesses are caused by the working of the process itself. A modern poet writes of *the careless sequence of dead limbs*. I think the phrase a successful one, but what strikes me about it is the effect of *effort*, the palpable and self-conscious attempt to make *careless* do more than is required of it in ordinary usage. One cannot be sure, but I feel that its use in Emily Brontë and Spenser was less surprising, less at variance with the usage of the age, and therefore perhaps more likely to succeed as poetry. Much of our poetry was written at the stage in linguistic development, which experts call *Polysemia*, when words are not only capable of many meanings, but—and this is of intense value to poetry—can also suggest a diversity of meanings and a kind of pregnant suspension or hesitation between them. *Sensual* in Keats's poem is such a word: It means neither *sensual* nor *sensuous* in their separated and constricted modern meanings, but a delicate admixture of the two. It may be objected that the poet should attempt to restore their old richness to words, but unfortunately the problem is not so simple. No revival of a rite—and poetry is a ritual of words—can be successful if daily usage no longer countenances it and gives it significance. One cannot put the clock back on the development of language. Universal education has made us used to clarity and simplicity in language. We cannot habitually tolerate an adventurous and experimental use of words: we can only

IS POETRY DOOMED ?

do so if told that it is poetry. Here, again, is the paralysing distinction. We are prepared to gambol, like stock-brokers in the nursery—(hence the enthusiasm for Fry)—but work and play must not be mixed. It is not our fault any more than the Industrial Revolution is our fault, and we can do nothing about it. But we will find that poetry cannot live indefinitely on these terms. We are even haunted by the feeble periphrases which have become conventions of syntax. A phrase which Shakespeare seems to take pleasure in using, *Look where he comes*, would now have to be diluted, to make it sound like real speech, into something like: *Look ! he is just coming*. Keats's *No, no, go not to Lethe . . .*, urgent and vivid though it sounds, is a construction impossibly archaic to-day; we cannot vary the normal interrogative *Don't go*, just as we cannot vary the present tense, for our daily use of language is at once sloppy and nigglingly precise.

The conclusion seems to be that language is continually leaving poetry behind, and that poetry must either accept this situation or impoverish itself by trying to keep abreast of language. Valéry puts it like this:

La poésie est une survivance.

Poésie, dans une époque de simplification du langage, d'altération des formes, d'insensibilité à leur égard, de spécialization, est—chose préservée.

This view, that all that remains is to keep a tradition alive as long as we can, has been held with variations by many critics. We acknowledge it tacitly when we speak of *The Golden* and *The Silver Ages* of Latin Poetry. Peacock, in his *Four Ages of Poetry* suggested that every literature moved through a recognised course to a foregone conclusion—more or less from the epic to the epicene. But whatever poetry may be, is language itself really so inherently fated? To

speak with authority one would need to be both a considerable poet and a virtuoso of comparative philology, but perhaps the weakness of such theories is that they tend to ignore so many imponderables. Languages have enormous resilience and powers of recovery; they may lie quiescent for centuries and then appear rejuvenated. And even in dying they may hand the torch on to some new poetic medium. A graver threat is that government may take a hand in the game. In his novel *1984* George Orwell has sounded the lowest depths of what may happen then, for though the state cannot stifle the poetic source directly it can debase the language in which poetry is written. In the language of his *New Order—Newspeak*—the word *free* by itself has no meaning: it only acquires one when used in a phrase like *the field is free from weeds*. Such control of language would be of great value to the state, for if there are no words to say what you think, you will, after a time, not be able to think it. The need to write a poem would disappear if the words required to write it no longer existed.

Or would it? This is the final issue of our problem. Will some people always need poetry as they need food and sleep and pleasant surroundings? Another definition is needed here. We must first consider the poem as something in metre on paper, and secondly the poetic experience, a phrase used to describe our reaction to many other stimuli in addition to such actual poems. R. G. Collingwood, for instance, speaks of the circumstance of a man who had always loved mountains dying with his face turned towards them to the last, as "in itself a poem." The phrase is metaphorical, but it shows to what an extent we associate sensations which we find moving or beautiful with the experience of reading poetry. To Wordsworth, poetry had this general applica-

tion: it was a begetter of "joy in widest commonalty spread." He goes so far as to say that "to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God." Housman, more precise, confined himself to saying that he could recognise poetry by the physical sensations it gave him, as a terrier recognises a rat. In any case, no "discovery," sociological or anthropological, about human nature, can alter the validity of the experience. It does not matter whether we think of the desire for poetry as a manifestation of the divine or as the inherited reflex of a racial culture pattern. The effect remains the same.

But could we do without it? At this point one cannot pretend to speak on behalf of others—one can only answer for oneself. And if I were asked: could you do without reading poems? I should reply: yes, quite easily. It is true I might be wrong. We are grossly ignorant of our own needs, and I might suppose I could do without my pituitary glands until their defection compelled me to change my mind. But I have gone without poetry for long periods and not missed it, and when I read it again it was not with any feeling that a siege had been raised. During these periods of deprivation other sensuous or æsthetic experience of the sort that Wordsworth and Collingwood might have called "poetic," took over. Could I have done without them as well? Certainly not. Furthermore, at the opposite end of the scale, I could not have done without *some* kind of pleasure in language, if it was only reading *Picture Post*, or thinking of names to call a person I disliked. But poems

themselves—effusions in metre—I don't think I should have required. It looks as if the sensation of poetry is at one end very vague, almost mystical; and at the other very ordinary and mechanical. But at no point does a poem, as such, have to come in. A walk at night or a brisk exchange of repartee will do all that is wanted.

Let us hope, however, that they will not have to, and that we shall not be reduced to these artefacts and elementary impulses. From them civilisation has achieved poetry; the process of making single poems has grown gradually out of them, as cups and vases grow out of clay. Though every process of manufacture be lost, it is difficult to believe that the raw materials will not always be there. This is not a very optimistic note to end on, but, whatever happens, it will not do to be solicitous about poetry's fate. Nor must we exaggerate the services that poetry can render us and the state. It would be disastrous to feel that it is in a poor way, and that something should be done to improve it, and thus increase our prestige in the eyes of the world. Let nobody *try*, let nobody have good intentions—neither the poets, nor the people who read them. Poets must never be made to feel that they are writing for the good of the community, rather than simply to please themselves and to earn a reputation. If the tradition is maintained it will not be a philanthropic one. A poet should commit himself only to a manifesto like the young Milton's:—"I may perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die."

JOHN BAYLEY.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BUZZ, BUZZ!*

By ERIC GILLET

ALL my life I have loved the theatre. Compared with it the cinema seems to offer only a shadow's shadow of the playhouse. Give me the traffic of the stage every time and also anything that has been written about it. As a boy I used to read with equal pleasure the dramatic criticisms of Lamb, Hazlitt, C. E. Montague and James Agate, and the advertisements in *The Stage* and *The Era*. I opened *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre* with real excitement. The "Companion" books published by the Oxford University Press have earned discriminating criticism and praise. The publishers make a high claim for the latest addition. "As a one-volume encyclopædia of the theatre in all countries and all periods this work can claim to be unique." More than fifty people worked on its compilation under the general direction of Miss Phyllis Hartnoll. The editor has also been responsible for the articles on the French theatre and for many other entries, including those on actors and playwrights.

The book's range is astonishingly wide and the emphasis is, the publisher informs us, on the theatre as a living and corporate entity throughout, not on written drama as a literary form. The book's great scope may be judged to some extent by the extraordinary variety of subject-titles. To give only a few, they include Jesuit Drama, Mime, Nationwide Theatre (U.S.A.), Negro in the American Theatre,

Posters, Puppets, Radio Drama, Showboat and Westminster Play. A neat little entry informs the uninitiated that a Bar Bell is a "warning to patrons in the theatre bars and foyers that the curtain is about to rise." I feel that this space might have been given to any one of a number of people whose names are unaccountably missing.

Nothing can be easier or more tempting for the critic to shoot at than a mark of the dimensions of this book. It is 888 + XI pages in length and the editor frankly admits that her greatest difficulty has been to decide what to omit. Miss Hartnoll states her general aims in a few sentences:

Since completeness was not to be thought of, a representative selection of what was most likely to interest the English-speaking reader was aimed at, and the emphasis throughout has been on the popular rather than the literary theatre. More space has been devoted to melodrama and the music-hall than to comedy and tragedy, literary quarrels have been ignored, actors have been rated above dramatists. In short, this is a companion to the playhouse, and is meant for those who would rather see a play than read it, for those whose interest is as much in the production and setting of a drama as in its literary content.

* *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre*. Edited by Phyllis Hartnoll, L.-ès-L., M.A. Geoffrey Cumberlege, the Oxford University Press. 35s.

I found it difficult to write an adequate criticism of this voluminous work and I imagine that this could only be done by a team of writers expert in the various theatrical activities covered in it. I can only hope to deal with some of the aspects best known to me. It was only to be expected that one would find competent and scholarly work contributed by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, A. V. Cookman, the late Mrs. Gabrielle Enthoven, George Speaight, Harold Acton, James Laver, Miss M. St. Clare Byrne, T. C. Kemp, Maurice Willson Disher, and William Armstrong. I have found so many textual errors in Mr. Macqueen-Pope's pleasant, gossipy books about the theatre that I was prepared to find at least one error in his contributions to this "Companion." Owen Nares is said to have played the part of Lord Monkhouse in Arnold Bennett's *Milestones*. Unless my memory has played me false, the character is Lord Monkhurst.

With the editor's prefatory words in mind, I spent some time on the famous contemporary players who are included or omitted. I was rewarded by some strange discoveries.

Will Fyffe, a competent Scottish comedian, who received a C.B.E. for war work, gets a quarter of a column. There is not a word about either Gracie Fields, who also received the C.B.E., or Sid Field. Both these artists had a touch of genius in their composition, and so, I think, has Beatrice Lillie. She is not there either. Of the finely contrasted trio who made theatrical history in the famous revues of the first war, only George Robey is named. Miss Violet Loraine and Alfred Lester are out.

Perhaps Danny Kaye is too recent a phenomenon to find a place in pages that have taken ten years to prepare for the press, but this comment cannot

be made of another great vaudeville star, one of the finest artists and most able mimics I have ever sat under. This is Miss Elsie Janis. Her quiet charm, friendly manner, and superb impersonations were the principal draw in the delightful *Passing Shows* that packed the Palace before and during the first War. With the aid of a hairpin or two Miss Janis brought to life Mdle. Gaby Deslys, Frank Tinney, the black-faced comedian, and a host of others. I should rank her with Danny Kaye, Sir Harry Lauder, and George Robey as four of the most magnetic vaudeville artists the stage has known. Among well-known actors and actresses whose names are absent, I found no mention of Cicely Courtneidge, or her able father, Robert, though Violet Melnotte, admittedly a flamboyant personality, is given more than half a column. Sir Cedric Hardwicke appears, but, after some searching, the name of Sir C. Aubrey Smith eluded me.

Nor could I trace Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Charles Laughton, A. E. Matthews or Donald Wolfit. I fully realise that the omission or inclusion of contemporary players is a matter of personal preference and I am certain that no two theatrical historians would arrive at even approximately the same conclusions about the people they would put in or leave out. It would be interesting to hear Mr. Macqueen-Pope on his reasons for putting in, say, Alec Hurley and leaving out that remarkable sartorial expert, George Lashwood. From the other side of the Atlantic, R. G. Knowles is in, but the ingenuous Frank Tinney is missing.

Tyrone Guthrie has done excellent work for the English theatre and he is rightly called "one of the most interesting of the younger English producers." The omission of Basil Dean is inexplicable. The Reandean management gave us some of the finest evenings in

the theatre since the first War. I remember with special gratitude the bill containing Galsworthy's *Loyalties* and Barrie's *Shall We Join the Ladies?* Mr. Dean's work for E.N.S.A. came under some criticism, but it is of historical interest. His productions of Priestley's *Johnson over Jordan* and Flecker's *Hassan* were important and memorable.

The contemporary dramatists fare variously. There can be no excuse at all for leaving out Clifford Bax, whose *Socrates* and *The Rose Without a Thorn* are of more than temporary importance. Miss Hartnoll might be justified in leaving out *Socrates* on the ground that it has had no stage success, —possibly because it has never been put on by any commercial management for a run, although the late James Agate had the highest opinion of its merits. But *The Rose Without a Thorn* had a considerable stay in London, has been acted all over the country, and was afterwards revived in the West End of London with Frank Vosper in his original part as Henry VIII, when it ran longer than it did at its first presentation. Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*, an artistic and a popular success, should have had a word. If it is in, I was unable to find it. Sir Alan Herbert has mysteriously escaped the selector's eye. I seem to remember that, with Sir Charles Cochran, he was responsible for a great deal of entertainment. I record the omission of Mr. Terence Rattigan without comment.

The Gaiety theatres of London and New York are commemorated. It would have been a good thing to call attention in the same entry to the information given under the notice of Miss A. E. F. Horniman, to the admirable work done at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, when she controlled it from 1907 to 1921. Stanley Houghton

and Harold Brighouse are naturally mentioned, but Allan Monkhouse is not. As the author of *The Conquering Hero* and *Mary Broome*, and also of some one-act plays that are still performed, he deserves a line or two. Peter Ridgway is credited with the direction of the Gate Theatre. I cannot recollect that he ever held that position. Was not some very important work of his done at the Players' Theatre? And if anything is said about the London Group Theatre's work, I could not find that either.

It seems ungrateful to raise so many debatable points about a work that was clearly a labour of love to those who worked upon it. The standard of the Oxford "Companions" is so high as a general rule that it is disturbing to come upon one of the series that does not seem to maintain the accuracy of detail that one has come to look for and depend on in these compilations. The space allotted to various items is often disproportionate. The Americans have been treated overgenerously. Almost two and a half columns chronicle the activities of the Malvern Festival. The notable work done at the repertory theatres of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow should have been set down much more fully than it is. The article on drama in Malaya is comprehensive, but more could have been made of the very odd opera that flourishes there.

So much for the debit account, or as much of it as I have been able to add up after a preliminary survey. Many of the contributions are both learned and entertaining, as, for example, the brilliantly condensed account of Make-Up by Miss St. Clare Byrne; Mr. Willson Disher on the Keans; the Russian theatre; the Scandinavian theatre; Mr. James Laver on Theatrical Scenery; Mr. Val Gielgud on Radio Drama.

Mr. Gielgud has a discerning comment on acting for the microphone. "It is desirable," he writes, "to destroy the illusion that what is needed is less an actor than a trained elocutionist. The latter, with his acute self-consciousness and elaborately false inflexions, makes the worst of broadcast actors. The quality essential above all others for work before the microphone is sincerity."

I have often thought that the B.B.C. would be doing a great service if they allowed a cast of players of the quality of Mr. John Gielgud, Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Robert Harris to read one of the Shakespearean plays in the Third programme, allowing them to give their own interpretations of their parts, and making no use at all of fanfares, tuckets and incidental music, except when Shakespeare calls for them. I should have welcomed a short note from Mr. Gielgud on plays televised in the studio, but it appears that his contribution was written some time during the war, and there is only a glancing allusion to them.

It was a particular pleasure to read Mr. Cookman's sharp, fastidious descriptions of some of the great players of our time. Ellen Terry once wrote of her famous partner Irving, that "he was quiet, patient, tolerant, impersonal, gentle, close, crafty, in-

capable of caring for anything outside his work." Mr. Cookman's description of him is worthy to stand beside the striking portraits of earlier players painted by Lamb, Hazlitt, and Sir Max Beerbohm:

The picture he drew of a Louis XI, a Dubosc, a Shylock, or a Vanderdecken challenged rather than reproduced nature. It had the splendid liberating madness of a dream in the remembered light of which the world's sanity looked drab and unreal. The tall figure, the beautiful, intense, ascetic face angled by nature for tragedy—now embodying a noble pride, now malignant horror, now sardonic impudence, now the grotesque at that point where it turns grim—threw a spell over his audience. It was a spell not so much of emotional sympathy as of intellectual curiosity; and under this spell it seemed that his peculiar pronunciation, his crabbed elocution, his halting gait, the queer intonations of his never very powerful or melodious voice, were the right and true expression of a strange, exciting, and dominating personality.

After reading it I turned hopefully to see what the "Companion" would have to tell me about the Falstaffs of George Robey and Sir Ralph Richardson, both of them remarkable performances. The first runs to one word. It is "interesting." The second is not mentioned at all. ERIC GILLET.

Lord Altrincham regrets that in his review last month entitled "Chamberlain, Rhodes and Milner" he inadvertently wrote "June, 1900" instead of "June, 1899" at the bottom of the second column of page 36. He wishes to thank General Sir George Jeffreys, M.P. for drawing his attention to this slip of the pen.

FEN, FOREST AND FIELD

By E. M. FORSTER

THIS book* is an interesting addition to an excellent series, and it can be recommended. It is not always a tractable book, and sometimes it is rather confusing. But it is first-hand—the work of a man who knows his own mind and uses it in his own way.

Dr. Ennion is concerned with the two counties of Cambridgeshire (which includes the Isle of Ely) and of Huntingdonshire: that is to say with the block of England which extends north from the chalk near Royston almost to the Wash. It is not a spectacular block. Cambridge no doubt is a spectacle, so is Ely Cathedral, and March and Wisbech are sizeable towns. But he does not see his work in terms of towns. He is a countryman who wishes to understand the country and particularly its soil. We are plunged into geology at once and never really escape from it; the contest between the fresh water and the salt, the peat and the silt that they severally deposit, the Kimmeridge and other clays, the chalk, the lower green-sand and the gault—they keep recurring, and in the midst of a modern walk-and-talk Dr. Ennion will suddenly stop and prod the ground with his stick, to disclose tiny shells. So might the poet George Crabbe have prodded, 150 years before: the two men are similar in that way, and they both have held country practices and known something about the poor.

Dr. Ennion's practice—a family one—was in the Fens. He retired after twenty years' work, and is now Warden of a Field-Centre in Essex. He is also an artist. He is also (which Crabbe wasn't) of an extremely pleasant temper. He only gets ratty—as who wouldn't or shouldn't?—when he sees the heritage of the past being stupidly

destroyed by "experts," or when a well-to-do farmer wants to fill up the Devil's Dyke with a bull-dozer, or when a fen sanctuary is "ruined in a few months by the massed artillery of modern drainage." As a rule he is cheerful: the skies are above him, the soil is beneath, buildings rest on the soil, not always securely; and he cherishes affectionate memories of Cambridge University.

Thus pleasantly equipped he goes on his way. Administrative boundaries do not appeal to him, and he redivides his two counties into Fen, Forest, and Field. The Fen with its "Islands" occupies the north and east of the area, the Forest the west, and the Field the south: at least that is the rough division, though geology always exacts complications. He also handles the river valleys, grouped under the Cam and the Ouse. The picture he finally builds up is perhaps too varied. A foreigner, relying on his description, would suppose the area much more diversified than it actually is, and might even anticipate precipices. As a corrective, it is well to remember that there are in the whole of East Anglia (i.e. Cambridgeshire, Hunts, Essex and Norfolk and Suffolk combined) only four railway tunnels: two near Audley End, one near Newmarket, and one at Ipswich. Only four tunnels: the area is on the whole flat—a flatness over which from a slight elevation there may be an extensive view.

The photographs, by Mr. Staniland Pugh, are out-of-the-way good; forty-nine of them, and each a masterpiece of focusing and composition. They

* *Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire and The Isle of Ely.* By E. A. R. Ennion. Robert Hale. 15s.



ST. IVES, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

(Photo : Staniland Pugh, Amersham.)

help to supply a lack in the text, which does not give a comprehensive account of what is to be seen in the two counties and is in that respect less satisfactory than Mr. Addison's companion volume on Suffolk. The dust-jacket duly warns us that Dr. Ennion is not concerned with "the more obvious riches and relics," but this is too easy a get-away. It does not excuse the omission of Hinchbrooke or of Little Gidding; there was no need to describe them, but their existence and importance ought to have been indicated. And the most obvious relics of all, the Cambridge colleges, do get fully described. Smaller omissions also occur, but these are of no importance. Each of us has his preferences. My own list would include the Maze at Hilton, the inscription to the little black girl outside Chesterton church, and the semi-secret, semi-sacred grave of the gipsy boy, buried at cross-roads.

Dr. Ennion is most forceful when he is personal and refers with sympathy

and shrewdness to the lives of the outdoor worker and of the poor. Few could comment as he does on a fenman's shack which has been built on the peat, with the result that "not a wall, a door, a floor, a window but has sagged or side-slipped out of true. The treads lead crazily upstairs. Only the great chimney that the cottage leans upon looks as if it might last a few years more." And who else could have written this grim description of Newmarket?

The tradesmen and the betting and bloodstock agencies live on the High Street. There are houses in back streets and alleys behind them as foul as any city slum; doss houses, their windows grimed and permanently shut, their walls greasy with dirt, with shifty figures flitting in and out. I had occasion to visit a patient in one of them once and have never forgotten the squalor of the place, nor the lodging-house keeper prowling about like a sallow parasite in the shadows of his den. Not a hundred yards away stood the exclusive and decorously restrained new premises of the Jockey Club.

And in gentler vein what a charming account of the huge tarred barns in Orwell, "warm inside, and busy with small sounds: horses blowing in their mangers, cattle stamping, mice rustling straw—and very dark"! We leave him with respect and affection—and perhaps with one further addition to his account: noise. The area may be rustic in appearance, but it is scabby with airfields, and it is rare to take a walk without the accompaniment of poppings, dronings, and squeals. Cambridge itself—so far as its sky is concerned—has become one of the noisiest cities in England. Aircraft fly over it night and day, and it is a curious experience to leave its academic groves for the peacefulness of London.

E. M. FORSTER.

JOHN BULL PSYCHO-ANALYSED*

By JAMES RAMSDEN

MR. ROWNTREE'S previous studies of social conditions in York and elsewhere are widely known. In this latest work he and his collaborator, Mr. Lavers, take up the threads by explaining that in the course of earlier investigations the poor facilities for recreation available to most men and women stood out as an urgent social problem, and pointed the way to this enquiry.

The trend of recent years has certainly been to put more and more leisure at the disposal of the citizen, and here perhaps progress has outstripped his opportunities of spending it profitably, wisely or even happily. Evidently this is a real problem for modern industrial society and to give it full airing would have been enough for quite a long book by itself. But it is not so easy to see why the authors felt bound to widen their field and to embark on a detailed study of "the cultural and spiritual life of the nation." In so doing, on their own admission, they have attempted too much. Hardly a social question of importance is left unraised, at any rate by implication; few are satisfactorily or even objectively stated, and none is thrashed out with the thoroughness which it deserves. Thus the impact of the book is rather like the Festival of Britain. You feel bound to admire an enterprise of such scope; yet you emerge from the mass of detail uninformed, unconvinced and a bit

muddled. Do not miss either experience, even if afterwards you are prepared to agree that the Lion and Unicorn pavilion does about as much justice to the many sides of the British character as this book does to the rich variety of English life.

What is the reason? Is it because, if you study man through statistical information, you always find him with no heart and no soul? The authors have been at great pains to surmount this difficulty, and instead of relying on the method of questionnaire and yes-or-no answer usual in such surveys, they made use of selective informal interviewing. Directly or indirectly, they proceeded to strike up acquaintance with nearly a thousand people from whom they elicited what they wished to know without it appearing that an interview was being conducted at all. The resultant case-histories make up almost a quarter of the book. The task must have been arduous and often tiresome. But they are written with humour and humanity, for example:

Miss R. is a shorthand typist, aged 22. She lives in a Y.W.C.A. hostel and manages to be fairly comfortable and still able to send £1 a week home to her parents who are badly off. She is a serious-minded girl, whose religion is obviously a real force in her life. In consequence she is a little cut off from

**English Life and Leisure. R. Seebohm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers. Longmans. 15s.*

most young people for she does not smoke, gamble, dance, drink, gossip, or go to the cinema. The parents were apparently members of a very strict sect, and Miss R. has rather grown up smelling Satan everywhere. She really believes she has to be unhappy to be good! This was a difficult interview because Miss R. obviously had a lurking suspicion that the investigator really wanted to seduce her!

Mrs. J. is about 55 to 60. She divorced her husband and runs a retail drapery business in the Home Counties. She has three grown-up sons, all married, but her favourite son, whom she describes as "dearer to me than all the others," was killed in the war in an air raid on Hamburg. She is intensely anti-German because "they" killed her son while he was bombing them! She is also fiercely anti-monarchy, for the principle of kingship outrages her deeply egalitarian feelings. . . . She says that she suffered so much from seeing "that contemptible rat of a husband of mine running after every little bit of skirt" that she has always kept away from men. Mrs. J. is profoundly contemptuous of religion. "What do those silly old parsons know about it? Can you pay the rates with prayers? I've no time for their sort of talk. I'd like to set them all to work in the mines." . . . She says that when the news of the son's death was known her vicar came round and tried to comfort her. "The little fool said that 'Perhaps it's all for the best, Mrs. J.', and I told him to get to hell out of it."

Unfortunately the arrangement of throwing together over 200 of these case-histories at a stretch makes them difficult to digest. It would also have been better had their use as evidence been confined to supplementing the information available from other methods of enquiry. Given, for instance, the number of people per cent who complete a weekly football coupon, the case-histories help to

explain their reasons for choosing to gamble in this way. They are indeed only convincing when so used, because even as many as a thousand instances are not a representative sample of the adult population, from the point of view of scientific statistical research. When, in the absence of better-founded statistical information, such as a British counterpart of the American Kinsey Report on sex questions, the authors attempt to collate their own, the results are unsatisfactory. The reader with a fair range of acquaintance among his fellow men will hardly feel that he has learnt much more about them. The recluse will find more entertainment, and as much information, in reading Somerset Maugham.

With the exception of these personal case-histories the book provides surprisingly little evidence of social habits not already made available elsewhere; and chapters on gambling, drinking, the cinema, broadcasting, etc., display considerable bias as well as a persistent strain of moralising, in spite of the authors' claim to an objective approach. This claim, one feels, does not excuse them from stating what social qualities they desire, and from making their own ethical position clear. The modern citizen can only deduce as he goes along, from plentiful generalisations and the frequent use of the phrase "moral fibre," that he is being subjected to the censorship of a Liberal, tee-total, Victorian and probably non-conformist Cato, who assumes that the validity of his prejudices (and they are often admirable) will be taken for granted. He may wonder whether spare-time activities need always be "improving," and why his attitude to his work is reckoned of so little consequence that no account of it is taken in pronouncing judgment on his character.

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The chapter on religion is much the best and most valuable in the book. Here the authors' methods of investigation are seen to best advantage. They conducted a census of attendance at church in two English towns, which gives a reliable indication of the habits of the community, and the case-histories are cited for supplementary information about the attitude of the population towards Church and Clergy. The most controversial conclusion reached is no doubt that "there is so wide-spread a dislike of the ministers of religion of the Anglican and Free Churches that it can only be described as anti-clericalism." Some will feel that too much emphasis has been placed on the many remarks which are quoted disparaging the clergy. People easily say hard things about the parson until they are in real trouble and need his help, perhaps indeed because they need his help. Certainly the clergy themselves in their own ministrations rarely encounter such open and abusive hostility.

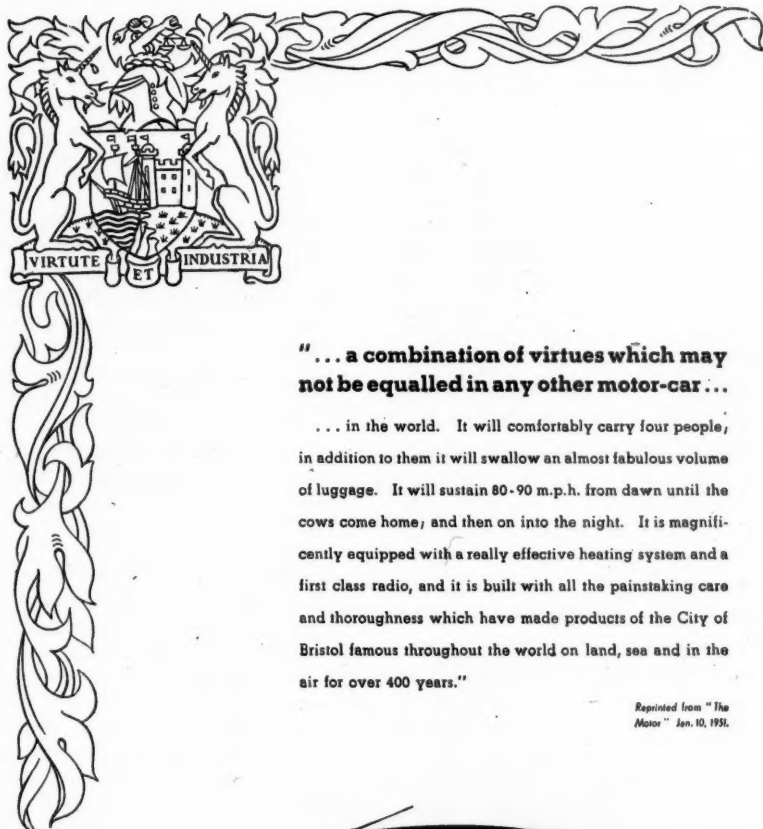
The proposition that "the value of any religion depends on the ethical dividend which it pays" is quoted with approval, and made the basis for an assessment of the present influence of the Church. Church-going has declined, but standards of conduct are still, at bottom, Christian standards, and so "we are living on the accumulated spiritual capital of the past." This is too superficial an analysis. The quantity of outward religious observance never did have much relation to quality. The authors' own investigations reveal as much. More people made public profession of Christianity fifty years ago because "open renunciation of the Church was so shocking as to be almost unthinkable." It is discipline which moulds character, which imposes a sense of obligation and which, when

relaxed, leads to the lapses from honesty and other standards which the authors discern at the present time. But this discipline was not in the past wholly that of the Christian life. Let Mr. Rowntree himself describe it:

A family living upon the scale allowed for in this estimate must never spend a penny on railway fare or omnibus. They must never go into the country unless they walk. They must never purchase a half-penny newspaper or spend a penny to buy a ticket for a popular concert. . . . They cannot save, nor can they join sick-club or trade-union because they cannot pay the necessary subscription. . . . The father must smoke no tobacco and must drink no beer. The mother must never buy any pretty clothes for herself or her children, the character of the family ward-robe, as for the family diet, being governed by the regulation "nothing must be bought but that which is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of physical health, and what is bought must be of the plainest and most economical description." If any of these conditions are broken, the extra expenditure involved can only be met by limiting the diet.*

The development of the Welfare State has relaxed this discipline and undermined the sense of obligation. It is to the authors' very great credit that they acclaim the improvements in the Christian character of society which has attended the relief of poverty and the redistribution of income between the classes. But to the individual, economic freedom has brought its own problems, and it is the Christian belief that the old discipline of straitened circumstances must be replaced, if peoples' lives are to be free from the muddles and unhappiness which the case-histories portray, by the self-

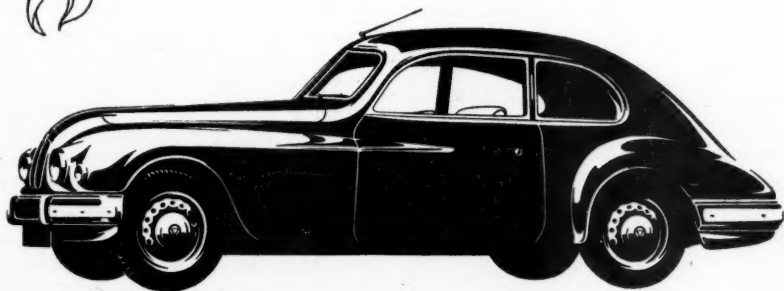
* *Poverty: A Study in Town Life.* B. S. Rowntree. Longmans. 5s.



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imposed discipline of the Christian life.

Can we find in the Church the inspiration to undergo this discipline? The authors conclude that the Churches in their present form will not satisfy the spiritual hunger of which they find widespread evidence, because they are too "out of touch." Perhaps they exaggerate the difficulty people find in accepting religious dogma. It does not seem to be only or even mainly for a belief in an after-life which people hunger to-day. Is it not for a practical remedy for day-to-day problems and difficulties, for a conviction of belonging to and being part of something greater than themselves, for a way of life which will make sense and make for peace of mind?*. No one enjoys living in a muddle. Is not the relevant evangelising message of the Church "Seek and you shall find; the Kingdom of God is among you"? If so, it is hard to share the authors' doubts about the need for "a large professional priestly class." On the contrary, their evidence implies that, since people no longer come to the Church, its message must be carried to them in their homes; and in view of the successful record of the Roman Catholics, that the class of clergy needs to be even larger, and in its training and qualifications more professional.

Space has only made it possible to touch upon a few of the many controversial questions raised in this chapter. Anyone who gets this book for the pleasure and profit of weighing the authors' evidence and comparing their conclusions with his own will not be disappointed.

JAMES RAMSDEN.

* I am indebted to the Ven. Eric Treacy, Archdeacon of Halifax, who preached on this question.

"LA CIRCONFÉRENCE NULLE PART"

ASIA AND THE WEST. By Maurice Zadkin. Issued under the auspices of the International Secretariat, Institute of Pacific Relations. Chatto & Windus. 15s.

PROBABLY no historian since Macaulay has presented information on the East in a form more brilliant and compelling than that in which Mr. Zadkin has assembled the research of scholars and the figures of statisticians in this book of 300 pages. Beginning with chapters on the sluggish peasant world of an immemorial Asia and its low cereal standard of life, he goes on to discuss the various types of imperialism and exploitation, and then passes in review the circumstances of India and the countries of the Far East.

Having been a civil servant in India, Mr. Zadkin is particularly qualified to write of that sub-continent. He tells us how a rice-farmer there ranked in status with a London 'bus-driver on £7 a week, or with a miner on £8, leading an independent life, able to educate his son to be a clerk or a lawyer or inspector of police, and finally to pay for the pilgrimage to Benares or Mecca. The same description fits, for instance, the Malay rice-farmer. But in India, South China, Burma and parts of Indo-China this idyllic life has been ruined by debt, tenancy, over-population and the decay of village industries. In India, the landless man "is the whipping boy for all the frustrations of the police; he is always available to plead guilty since he cannot afford a lawyer and thus he swells the percentage of convictions on which so many of the police think promotion depends." Nor are India's troubles due, as is commonly supposed, to polygamy and philoprogenitiveness. Mr. Zadkin shows that the increase in her population has been lower than in that of Europe or the United States. But in the last 70 years, while her population has increased by two-thirds, the area of cultivation has gone up by only 5 per cent. In a land where antiquated methods of farming produce half the crop-yields of Europe or Japan,

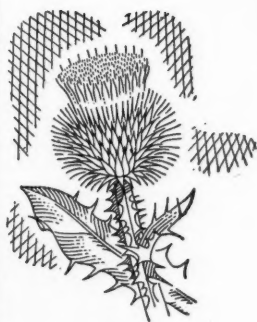
La Circonférence Nulle Part

fertilisers, selected seed and agricultural machinery are needed even more urgently than expansion of urban industrialisation.

On countries other than India the author's material is not invariably sufficient. The chapter on religion is inadequate, which may account for Mr. Zadkin's apparent blindness to the impossibility of integrating races in Malaya, which, unlike those of India, have no community of culture or race or colour, and unlike those of the United States, have not the bond of one basic religion or of modern scepticism and unbelief. Even in Indonesia the racial tie between the Javanese and the Malay may prove less permanent than Mr. Zadkin assumes.

In a chapter on imperialism, it is pointed out how the upsetting of Asian taste and Asian self-confidence, though not exploitation, helped to make the Asian exploitable. Now, however, he is pouring the new wine of the West into the old bottles of Oriental tradition. "In Burma, the time for declaring independence was fixed by Buddhist astrologers, but the politicians drew up a constitution of the purely English cabinet-government type. Nehru's foreign policy relies partly on the Indian inspiration which for centuries gave Sanskrit names to the Kings of Champa and Sri Vijaya, partly on the dominant position of India in the Indian Ocean built up by the British."

The most illuminating commentary on Western influence is to be found in the chapters on individual countries. It is a tragedy that the Dutch concern to preserve Javanese traditional life left the peasant with the lowest income in Asia, with the possible exception of the Chinese. For, unlike the rulers of Japan, the Dutch created no indigenous class of *entrepreneurs*, and unlike the administration of Malaya, did not encourage large foreign investments to industrialise the island. Into the Philippines the Americans put "several hundred millions of pounds more than they have taken out." But glorious though it was, "their experiment failed for



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reasons both economic and spiritual. Economically, because the Philippine remained a peasant economy of low productivity . . . that does not save enough to produce capital." Spiritually, because "had the Americans made Americans out of the Filipinos, as the Spaniards had made Catholics," resentment against foreign rule and foreign wealth would have been less.

For 2,000 years, we are reminded, it was not the West that influenced the East. The silks, the spices, the cotton, the tea, and the rubber of Asia, changed the lives of European man. This debt he is now repaying with certain unromantic techniques, the joint-stock company, drill, discipline, science and political theory. So the last part of this fascinating book deals with the new Asia, where Delhi and Peking rank among the great political centres of the world and compete as to which shall most quickly feed the mouths of hungry millions. To succeed, as Mr. Zadkin points out, Asia must learn to employ capital and skill, in addition to the land and labour of outmoded economies, and that "skill" will comprise much more than the irrigation works of the last century. It is at once an advantage and a disadvantage that, according to Asian tradition, it is for the State to risk innovation and enterprise, rather than the individual. "The capitalist wanted safety and high interest. In India or China he did not take a chance on new processes, as did Brunner and Mond in Europe. He did not over generations combine service to the public with the building up of a great business, as did the Cadburys or the Crossfields. The typical capitalist fortune in Asia was made in opium contracting, or cloth wholesaling or money-lending or broking, or even, as with the Soongs, in speculation overseas."

A book so full of facts and of ideas should be in the hands of every one interested in a great continent whose future must affect the whole world.

RICHARD WINSTEDT.

WHAT ARE SCHOOLS FOR ?

EDUCATION AND LEADERSHIP. Dr. Eric James. *Harrap*. 6s. net.

THIS is a good book, informative, readable, and controversial. The contention running throughout is that the intellectual training of leaders is the most important part of all their training; and that boys of marked intellectual ability are in fact, and will be, the leaders. Here is a grand battleground, and the battle is fought with great skill and fairness. It is a short battle, lasting but 112 pages, but it is very good value for 6s. During the course of it many shrewd and valuable thrusts are made.

Dr. James's first contention is that leadership in a planned society, so far from being irrelevant, is now more necessary than ever; that planning without leaders tends towards centralisation and dictatorship; that the powerful minority will always influence the less powerful majority, and that a democratic society is attained not by equalising everybody but by ensuring equal opportunity to all to spread their influence by persuasion and not by privilege or force. Although Englishmen do not care for the idea of an élite trained for leadership, yet with the great extension of secondary and university education to those who are academically able to profit by it, something of the sort is bound to emerge. And although other qualities, especially moral qualities, are essential in a leader, yet intellectual qualities will always rank high, as Dr. Arnold insisted.

At this point Dr. James reveals clearly a dilemma of great importance. Should gifted children be educated side by side with the much less gifted? If so, and there are no divergences of syllabus or treatment, then there cannot be genuine equality of opportunity, since the gifted child, to make the best of his talents, will need different treatment. Dr. James has no hesitation in claiming that segregation is essential, and in fact this necessity is recognised in the varying types of school in our national system. He adds the interesting point that a school where the

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

intellectual level of the pupils is relatively high and uniform is an excellent solvent of class distinctions. He also emphasises the great demands made upon the teacher of gifted children, especially of his own intelligence and tolerance; and that tolerance is not to be confused with indifference and a "grey neutrality" which avoids personal conviction. It is easy, he contends, to starve intellectual children of their intellectual fare, and tease them with the irrelevancies of a "General Culture."

Next we come to moral education. Dr. James argues powerfully that clever boys are not less but more likely to attain high moral standards. Delinquency is less prevalent among those of high than among those of low intelligence; and he pleads that "very high intelligence is not a condition that needs remedial treatment." All this is true; and it is also true that the right moral atmosphere is likely to prevail in a school where there is tolerance (of diversity, but not of neutrality), a high standard of scholarship, a wide choice of subjects and interest, and a discipline based on reason. It is an omission that there is no discussion of the value of the prefect system, with its basis of trust, responsibility, and example. He does, however, very rightly and fairly, stress the dangers of so-called "democratic" government in a school, whereby not only the execution of policy but also the policy itself is left too much in the hands of boys: so that adult experience and insight is nugatory, the narrow judgments of the young are prevalent, and there is a strain on the whole community. It is a pity too, I think, that he ignores the proper value of games, especially organised games, in moral training, a subject upon which Aristotle might have written a most illuminating work.

The connection between morality and religion is made plain, but here Dr. James is somewhat disappointing. For while urging that the teacher of Divinity has wonderful opportunities with clever children, he seems to limit the horizon to religious ideas rather than religion itself, to deistic conceptions rather than the

love of God. In saying that "we must always be prepared to sacrifice orthodoxy in the interests of honesty," he seems to be emphasising a difficulty which haunts the path of those who are groping after religion, but which disappears when the daylight has dawned; and those upon whom it has dawned are the powerful dynamic teachers, provided that they also have themselves sufficient knowledge and intelligence. Courses in philosophy are no substitute for personal conviction.

Boarding school boys mature earlier; the schools themselves have often a strong religious life, a tradition and a beauty of setting, and an independence of public control. None of these things, argues Dr. James, is of permanent importance. Rather it is that boarding school staffs are better paid, there are more masters to boys, and the boys themselves come from middle- and upper-class families, with a background of somewhat higher culture and social responsibility. The

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price paid is that boys are removed from their natural community, the family, into an artificial community of one sex. Dr. James ignores the powerful arguments on the other side, of a boy's natural liking at the age of adolescence for the society of his fellows, the broadening of experience, the discipline (in its best sense) of the closed community life, and, for the town boy, the opportunity of life in a non-industrial setting.

Finally, in this interesting little book, there is an excellent chapter on methods of selection for the University and the value of examinations, and also one on Leadership and Culture. Many good things are said, especially upon the moral challenge of examinations, the wide variety of abilities desirable in a University, and the clear choice which we have to make between leaders whose talents are efficiently trained in the highest standards we know, and the effective leadership which will certainly arise elsewhere if we fail to maintain those standards. That consequence has surely been made plain in the history of dictatorships. Dr. James urges, and urges rightly, that emphasis must be firmly placed upon intellectual training, though, as he also rightly says, there is no dividing line between the intellectual and the moral.

H. C. A. GAUNT.

THE AMERICAN COLONY

OUR JERUSALEM. By Bertha Spafford Vester. With an Introduction by Sir Ronald Storrs. *Evans*. 18s. net.

DURING the thirty years of British mandatory rule in Palestine, Jerusalem contained many oddities and anomalies, which were—or became—part of that *status quo* which British officials and administrators sought, so honourably, so zealously (and in the end so needlessly) to maintain. One of the quaintest and toughest of these singularities was a small piece of social organisation known as "The American Colony." Partly religious foundation, partly practical missionary

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

endeavour, partly admirable and efficient boarding house, it was for years a characteristic, bewildering and delightful element in life in that delectable city—"belonging" in the same extraordinary fashion as the familiar British telephone kiosks, the cosy and *gemütlich* antique shops, the Ethiopian deacons and the tea-dances at the King David Hotel. One took the American Colony for granted.

Mrs. Bertha Spafford Vester, whose life has been largely spent in the service of this strange and gallant venture, has now written its history. Hers is a curious, muddled, readable, beguiling and exasperating book. The founders of the American Colony came from Chicago in the latter part of the nineteenth century: and in the opening chapters of Mrs. Vester's book there is an exciting account of the great Chicago Fire, given with narrative skill and force. There is an account too of the tribulations and perplexities which beset the little company of devout, Bible-loving Americans in their long and weary pilgrimage before they came to rest and prosperity in the Holy Land. All this part of the book is absorbing, because it is new-minted and carries intense, personal conviction and knowledge.

The prelude, however, is all. The many years of the American Colony's useful, happy and praiseworthy existence in Jerusalem are described in a manner which is chatty, scrappy, prejudiced and shallow. The title of the book, which is both catchpenny and smug, is a manifestation of this particular attitude; and it is bound to offend those who have thought long and felt deeply about the tragedy and the glory, the splendour and the suffering which are inseparable from the name and idea of Jerusalem.

Most men and women who have worked and served in Jerusalem in our time are apt to feel—whatever their politics or religion—that they are for ever exiles from it. As Sir Ronald Storrs (who has written a gentle and urbane introduction to Mrs. Vester's book) has remarked elsewhere: there is no promotion after Jerusalem. All who share that belief will want to read this book. Inevitably it will evoke

memories of old loves, old joys, burned out ardours; it will summon back beauties of land and stone and light which are unforgettable. It will also, I fear, irritate with its soft, self-righteous complacency, and its apparent unawareness of the depth, complexity and passionate force of Jerusalem's destiny in our generation—as in every generation for whom Jerusalem has had more than perfunctory meaning. Tragedy surged around and into the American Colony—all the tragedy of Jerusalem's self-wounding—but Mrs. Vester's book, for all its kindness and good intentions, shows little comprehension of it.

JOHN CONNELL.

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 NO HIGHER MOUNTAIN. Anthony Armstrong. *Methuen*. 10s. 6d.
 THE LACQUER LADY. F. Tennyson Jesse. *Evans*. 10s. 6d.

IN *The Masters* Mr. C. P. Snow has, I think, written his best novel so far. It is, of course, a novel about Cambridge, wholly about Cambridge. No plot could be simpler, it turns upon the rival candidature of two of the Fellows, Jago and Crawford, for the Mastership of the college. Jago is likeable and his partisans feel that he is superior in human quality, but he is temperamental, can make enemies as easily as friends and his wife is a social

handicap. Crawford is sound, shrewd and cautious, the candidate of those who play for safety. The Fellows are almost equally divided between the two, the attraction of the "floating vote" is the prime concern of Jago's two campaign managers, Brown and Chrystall, and it is upon the fluctuation of emotions and loyalties that the story plays with a skill in tension usually reserved for thrillers.

The narrator is Lewis Eliot, the hero of *Time of Hope* and the narrator of *The Light and the Dark*. He is, as might be expected, a Jago man, as is that Byronic genius, Roy Calvert; and also the youngest Fellow, Luke, Chrystall the Dean and the Senior Tutor, Brown. For Crawford are the Bursar, Winslow, a savage and complicated man, Francis Getliffe and two or three of the older Fellows. The characters of all these men are shown in action and in retrospect and the very fact that many of the conventional stresses of ordinary society are removed enables the writer to concentrate his insight into the motives of human behaviour. Many reading the book will echo the author's conviction, given in an interesting epilogue on collegiate history, that life in college offered the "least anxious, most comforting and the freest lives." Others may detect a certain desiccation of the emotions, but for the solidity with which the writer presents his scene, for the sense of moral values behind the conflict, and for sheer narrative skill in keeping the reader interested, the book merits unqualified praise. It has the quality of Trollope and the nostalgia of something already passing is caught in it. For the old Master's Cambridge has perhaps passed already; in the future are Sir Horace Timberlake's benefactions for more and more specialists to split atoms in laboratories, leaving fewer and fewer humanists to discuss philosophy and drink the College port. I believe that Mr. Snow's books have a permanent value as documents of the social and intellectual life of the Cambridge of the first half of the 20th century and this par-

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NOVELS

ticular one is an excellent story simply considered as that.

I was attracted to Miss Bullard's *Wedlock's the Devil*, in spite of its title, because it is set in Canada, a scene not overworked in fiction. Not that Miss Bullard can be considered a propagandist for the Dominion, for a more repulsive township than New Glasgow could hardly be imagined. Compared with its scene and inhabitants, Sinclair Lewis's Middle West is a region of culture, tolerance and charm. The story centres, more accurately it flaps, around a couple of English immigrants, Denis and Rachel Ambrose, whose marriage has foundered in tragedy, but who believe that it should endure. Miss Bullard is not very successful in investigating emotional stress, but when she is having broad fun she is grand. Otto Schlamm, the European psychologist, the mysterious Mrs. Cowan, whose name might or might not be Cohen, the Greek grocer, the Reverend Ebenezer Cuttle and the delinquent children of Mrs. O'Rafferty, the town tart, are all immensely enjoyable. Unlike Mrs. Cowan, who always sheered away from unpleasant detail, Miss Bullard fondles it, the book is often melodramatic and sometimes coarse, but if it lacks grace and finesse it has abundant vitality and also a sense of values which makes its hits register.

I have to confess disappointment with both Mr. Edmund Crispin and Mr. Anthony Armstrong. The first because I feel his plot is unworthy of his gaiety and skill. Of course I got a great deal of pleasure out of reading it, because he writes so well and because his scene is so beautifully, unquestionably English. But insouciance and melodrama alternate rather mechanically in this story of a village plagued by anonymous letters and the deaths which ensue; the chief suspects were far too nice to be allowed to commit any murders and the culprit, though not unconsidered, seemed to be dragged in *faute de mieux*. *No Higher Mountain* is Anthony Armstrong's first novel for 17 years and no one who reads novels needs me to tell them that in handling

the surprises of a plot he is superb. But his characters, one of those dreadful all-powerful tycoons, his impeccable secretary, his adored daughter, etc., are all out of the stock book and the real business of the plot does not develop until page 170. After that it is very good, but could any play survive two dull acts?

It must be 20 years or more since I first read Miss Tennyson Jesse's *The Lacquer Lady*, but the memory of its curious, enchanted atmosphere has always remained, so strongly that when I first heard of the destruction of Mandalay in the last war I reflected sadly that I would never see the Shwe Dagon pagoda, the red and gold lacquer pavilions of Thibaw's palace. I am delighted that Messrs. Evans have re-issued this book, one of the best historical novels of our generation. The writer had a magnificent story to start with, an entirely true story of how the love affair of a little half-caste protégée of Queen Supayalat led to



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the intervention of the British in Upper Burma and the passing of the Alompra dynasty. But the story is enriched by the writer's acute penetration into this exotic femininity, by an historical sense which enables her to create and people her large canvas with sureness and a descriptive power which conveys the fairy-tale quality, sometimes lovely, sometimes cruel, of the old Burmese palace life.

The new edition has an extremely interesting preface giving the actual names of the chief characters, now all dead, who were living when the novel was first written. I most strongly recommend this book to anyone who has not read it and to everyone who has but who does not possess it; it has enduring quality.

RUBY MILLAR.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was not among the great letter writers but he was always sincere, lively, and pointed. The Oxford University Press may be congratulated on the handsome selected edition of *The Letters of Anthony Trollope* (O.U.P., 30s.) made by Professor Bradford Booth. Trollope was at his best when he chose to laugh at himself, as in his description of a lecture he gave at Bury. "I went there in a carriage with a marquis, who talked to me all the way about the state of his stomach—which was very grand; and the room was quite full, and the people applauded with thorough good nature, only they did so in the wrong places; and two or three Lady Janes told me afterwards that it was quite nice."

As Professor Booth says: "These letters will give us a fuller appreciation of his boundless activity, of his unaffected simplicity, and, perhaps, of his keen-eyed genius."

* * *

At a time when poetry is going through a lean period it is a pleasure to welcome a new, long poem, *Winged Chariot* (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.) by Walter de la Mare. Taking Time as his theme the poet has

written a lovely fantasy, rich in imagery and charm. Mr. de la Mare is our greatest lyric poet, and, although he excels in the shorter poem, his longer work shows an increase in concentration and in the ability to develop a theme. It may not have the sheer loveliness of the lyrics, but it shines like a beacon light above contemporary verse.

* * *

Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott has many claims upon our gratitude. His editorship of the *Countryman* was memorable and distinguished. He has his roots in our countryside. He is rich in reminiscences and ideas. He calls his new book, *The Day Before Yesterday* (Methuen, 21s.), the "memories of an uneducated man." He received his first journalistic fee from that great but economical editor, C. P. Scott. It amounted to three shillings and ninepence. *The Day Before Yesterday* reads like good, well informed talk.

* * *

Oxford, University and City (Art & Technics, 21s.) by A. R. Woolley, contains short accounts of both and is illustrated

Books in Brief

by one hundred and fifty well chosen and admirably reproduced illustrations. As Sir Maurice Bowra says in his Foreword, the book enables the reader to trace the growth of academic Oxford from its beginnings to the present day. It is, in fact, an excellent introduction to a lovely place.

* * *

The second collection of addresses, *Literature and Life* (Harrap, 9s. 6d.), to the English Association, contains a fine variety of subjects. The audiences were given an account by Professor J. G. Bullocke of *The English Sailor in Fiction*. Mr. Patric Dickinson quotes aptly in his lecture on Flecker. Mrs. Thirkell, a little unexpectedly, estimates Dumas' debt to England. Among the other contributions there is an estimate of *Keats in His Letters*, by Miss Margaret Willy, in which she makes an interesting comparison between the poet and Rilke.

* * *

Messrs. Collins' new one-volume edition of the works of Shakespeare (15s) is a stout volume, printed in double columns of really clear type. It has been edited sensibly and practically by Professor Peter Alexander. Many discoveries made by modern scholars have led to emendations in the text. It is an attractive book, if a little heavy in the hand.

Almost simultaneously Hutchinsons have brought out a thoughtful little analysis of a selected number of the plays by Professor George Duthie. Perhaps the most important question dealt with is the rather clumsy "on what basis of what body of generally accepted ideas (religious, moral, political) did Shakespeare proceed?" There is sound, provocative stuff in this book.

E. G.

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RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

THE tumultuous welcome given to Sir Thomas Beecham when he returned to Covent Garden to conduct "The Mastersingers" last month can have left him in no doubt as to the affection and admiration the public bears him. He displays his wonderful qualities once more in his recording, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, of Delius's North Country Sketches, made under the auspices of the Delius Trust (Columbia LX 1399-1401). The music is unequal but the first piece, *Autumn*, is of the very essence of Delius's evocative art, and all the pieces are splendidly recorded.

There is no space to set out the long list of recordings made at the ceremonial opening of the Royal Festival Hall and, in fact, if you hear one of the loud ones, say the *Hallelujah* and *Amen* choruses from *Messiah* (H.M.V. DB 21274) you may take it that you have heard all the rest. The exception, Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music* (H.M.V. DA 7040-1), in its choral form is disappointing and cannot be recommended except to those who are primarily interested in acoustics. And the acoustics? Head, arms, legs (if the odd analogy may be allowed), but, in my view, no body or heart.

Lovers of less well known Verdi should not miss Markevitch's recording of the overture to *Luisa Miller*, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, on H.M.V. C. 4097. The opera made a great impression when

broadcast recently and it may be hoped that Sadlers Wells will take it up one day. The recording is loud but clear. This tendency to over brilliant recording mars, to some extent, Kripps's recording, with the London Symphony Orchestra, of Weber's *Euryanthe* overture: but there is much to enjoy in it (Decca X 462).

Beethoven's A minor String Quartet, Op. 132, which contains the sublime slow movement composed in thanksgiving for his return to health, has been recorded on L.P. by the Griller String Quartet who play it superbly and with the right kind of restraint (Decca LXT 2573). It is a most rewarding experience. Menuhin and Kentner now give us the second of Bach's Violin and Cembalo Sonatas, the one, in A major, with the lovely canon movement. Fine playing and recording (H.M.V. DB 9638-9). Kentner also turns in an excellent and well recorded performance of Liszt's B minor Sonata (Columbia DX 1760-2) and there is a lovely Lipatti record of two Scarlatti Sonatas (one of them the *Pastorale*), both magically played (Columbia LB 113).

Mark the name of Robert Weisz, an international prize winner at Geneva in 1949, whose playing of Schumann's C major Fantasia is sensational in the best sense; that is it shows fine and sensitive musicianship combined with complete technical assurance. The recording of the piano is admirable (Decca LM 4539).

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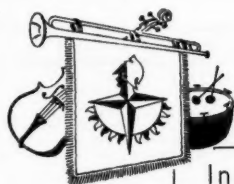
Few singers to-day are as variable as Hans Hotter. Sometimes he seems unable to sing without a far too lavish use of nasal resonance and sounds uncomfortable or unhappy. At other times the whole vocal apparatus seems to be in perfect working order and he sings like an angel. Fortunately his performances of two songs by Brahms, *Feldeinsamkeit* and *Mit vierzig Jahren* find him at the top of his form, as also Gerald Moore. They create, in the first song, a perfect picture of the man lying in the fields on a hot summer's day, watching the procession of the clouds, and, in the second song, a moving impression of a man entering

middle age (Columbia LX 1403).

Eschewing operatic arias and the like Elizabeth Schwarzkopf sings four Swiss and German folk songs in the most bewitching way and with a new command of vocal colour (Columbia LB 112).

I shall only be able to give bare mention here to two generally excellent vocal recitals on L.P. Suzanne Danco in songs by Debussy (Decca LX 3052) and an Italian baritone, Giuseppe Valdengo in songs by Tosti (Decca LX 3020). Both of these in their different ways are most enjoyable.

ALEC ROBERTSON.



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